Mickey Mouse Magazine

10¢
APRIL, 1939
VOL. 4 No. 7

LOOK AT THESE NEW TITLES !

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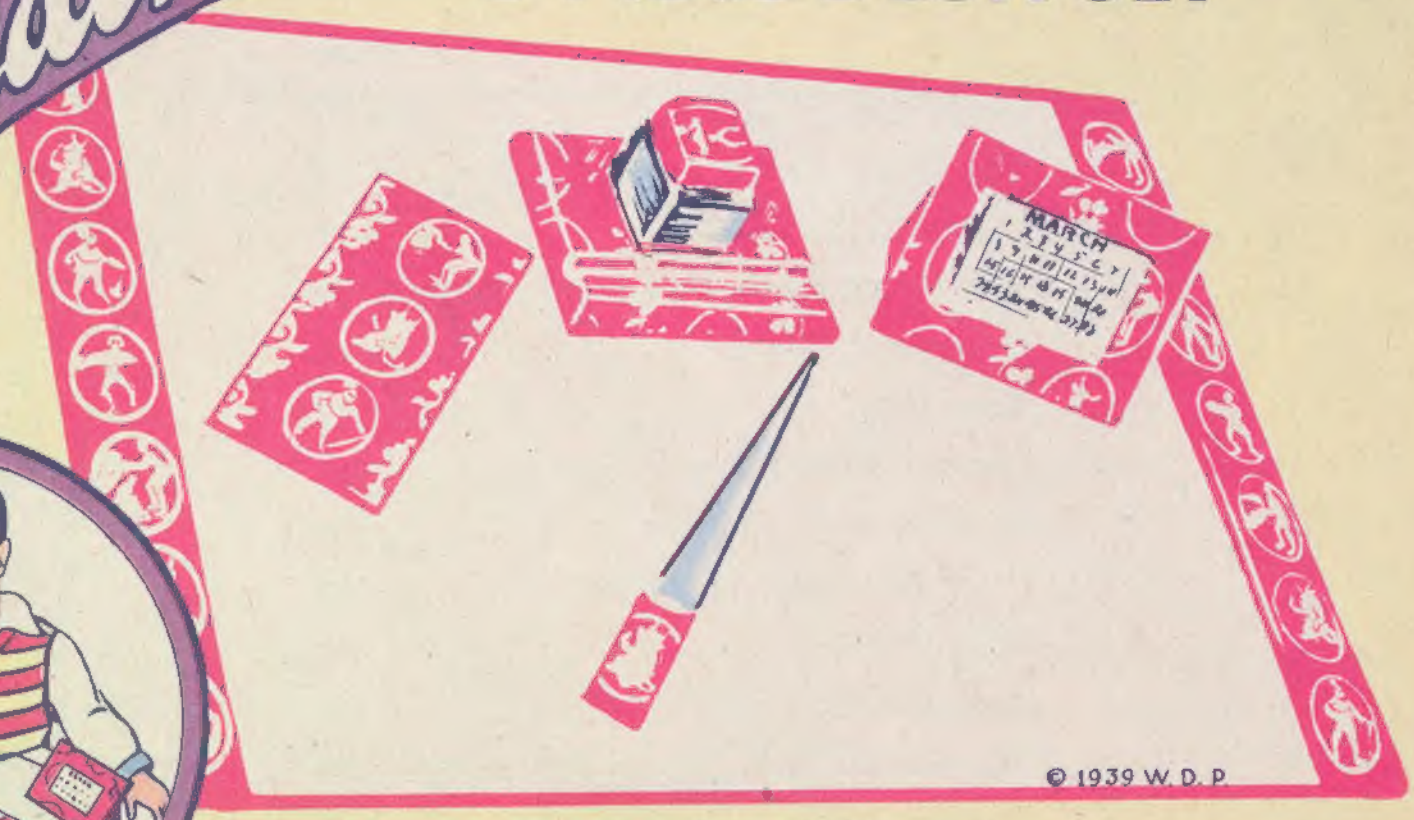

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Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor — KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us—

A LONG, long time ago Hans Christian Andersen wrote those delightful fairy tales which are still read today and loved by children all over the world. Walt Disney has made a beautiful movie of The Ugly Duckling and last month you read the movie version of this famous story. Hans Andersen's life was something of a fairy tale. Maybe because he really believed in fairies and pixies and elves and magic things. Anyway April is his birthday month and we've decided to celebrate it by telling you a few things that happened to him when he was young. Just turn the pages and you'll find the story. It's called "Just Another Duckling."

IT LOOKS as though there were lots of good fairies hovering over the magazine this month with *three* stories all at once of new Disney pictures which will be coming along soon.

There's *Donald's Cousin Gus* who's all ready to get acquainted. Oh! he's a very friendly person. He never, never says *NO* as you shall see.

And you'll love Goofy's pet, Wilbur, just as much as he does. Boys! Is he a smart grasshopper! This is a funny sad story. The kind that makes you laugh and cry at the same time but fortunately it all turns out well in the end because we all want to see more of Wilbur! He's a trump card.

Then there's the *Beach Picnic* with an underworld gang of Indian ants. Pluto moves into first place in this picture. He hasn't been around much lately so this will be a real treat for all.

AND AT last here are the winners of the famous Marionette Play Contest. Thirty of them! Just to end the suspense perhaps you better peep back on page 28 right now and see if your name is among the winners.

It was a very, very difficult job for the judges. There were so many plays. And so many *good* plays conforming to all the rules of the contest that it was really not easy to boil them down to thirty best ones. But finally they did decide and here are the names and addresses. We are sorry that space does not permit us to print the winning plays. The principal players, Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Pluto *and* Donald Duck want to send their congratulations to *all* the talented playwrights and wish the best of luck next time to those who did not win.

COMING along in our May issue is another exciting comedy with *Admiral* Donald Duck. His three little nephews are along of course and the name of the story is SEA SCOUTS. Just wait until you see Donald in an Admiral's uniform!

And Florence Nightingale was born in May so we shall tell you a short story about her. She helped to win the Crimean War —she and her wonderful band of nurses. She opened up a new world with her school for nurses where young women were trained to care for the sick. The story of her life is brave and you will thrill to it. Don't forget—next month!

Goofy and Wilbur

GOOFY rowed his boat into a quiet cove and dropped anchor. Then he shook out his fishing net right in the face of a big sign on the shore—NO FISHING!

"Feeling okay?" he asked as he put back the lid of an old tin can.

"Okay!" chirped Wilbur, hopping out. He stood on his head and drew one hind leg across another like a violin bow, which was just his way of saying "Fit as a fiddle!"

Goofy stroked his pet grasshopper with one big finger. "All right," he said, "do your stuff!"

Wilbur poised on his hind legs and took a deep breath, then he sprang through the air and dipped into the water. But the fish were not tempted, even by a fresh young grasshopper, because they were all fast asleep. Goofy leaned over the side of the boat and beat on a horseshoe like a dinner gong.

"Here fishy, fishy, fishy," he called. "Come and get it."

He made so much racket that one fish did roll over and open his eyes. And there stood Wilbur just within reach. The fish leaped up, but Wilbur leaped too and hop, hop, hop, he skimmed along, just before his hungry eyes. When they neared the boat, Goofy held out the net on the end of a long pole. Wilbur jumped in and dropped right through the holes. But the poor fish who jumped in after him was too big to escape and so Goofy dumped him in the fish barrel.

"'Atta boy, Wilbur," he called.

But Wilbur was already out for new conquests. By this time the fish were waking from their naps and feeling rather hungry. Wilbur kicked up his hind legs and splashed water in the face of the first fish he met. Then the chase began. It was great fun for Wilbur until . . . just a few hops from the boat he met the wide-open jaws of another fish!

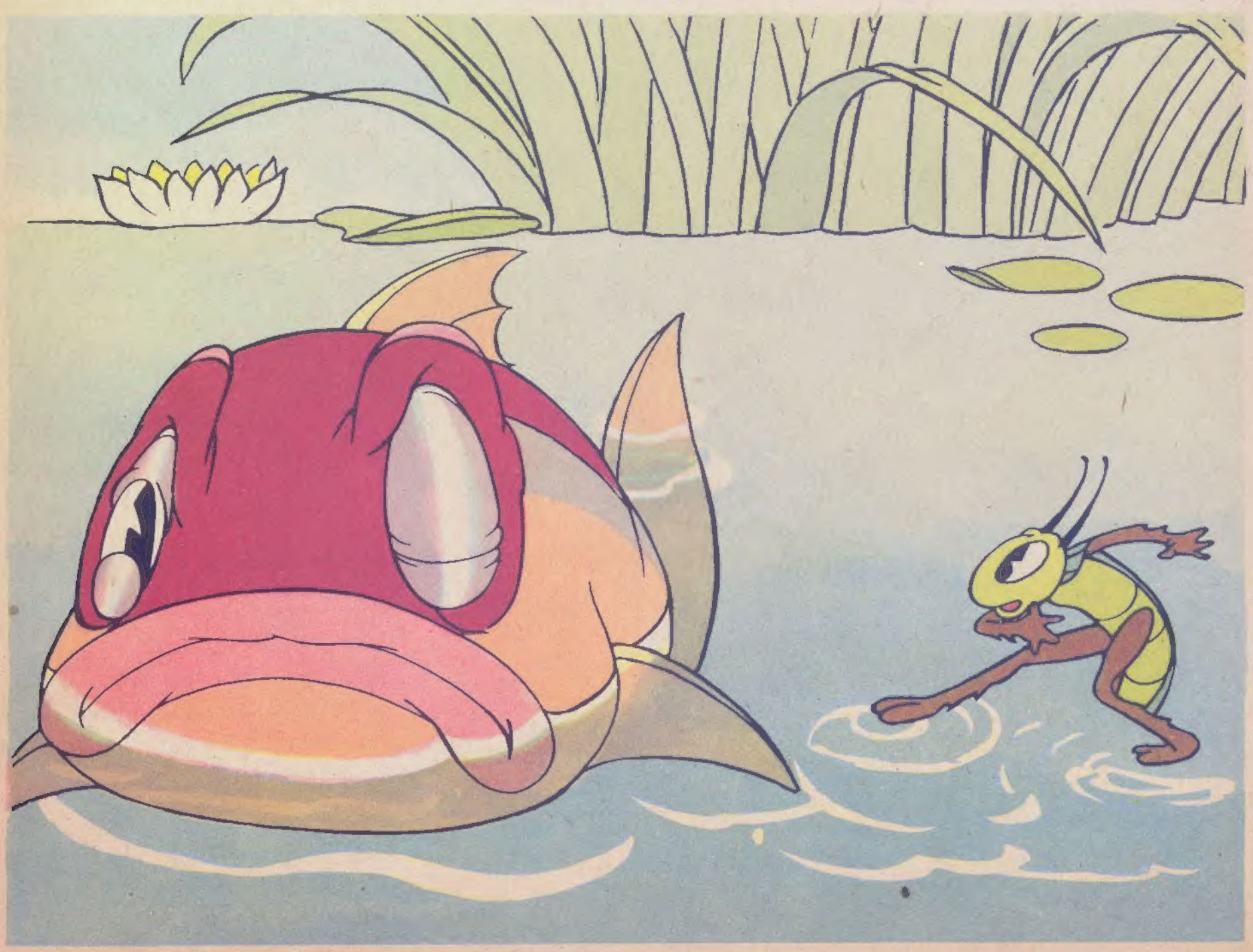
Poor Wilbur! He couldn't go forward and he couldn't go backward. There was only one way to

save himself. Just as the two fishes leaped forward to snap him up, he jumped as high as he could, straight up in the air. And the hungry fish, going at full speed, went right into the mouth of the other one and stuck there. Before they could get free of one another Goofy scooped them up and flipped them into the waiting barrel.

"Now bring me back a Big Fat One, Wilbur," he called.

And so, Wilbur, always willing to oblige, picked a whopping big fish and maneuvered teasingly back to the net. Wilbur hopped into it and through it and the fish followed but he was so big that he stuck fast, half in and half out. Goofy pounded the pole of the net on the side of the barrel, trying to dump out the fish, but the fish wouldn't budge.

All the while Goofy was struggling to get the net free, Wilbur was off to tease and conquer. But this time he met his match. The wise old fish pretended to be asleep. Wilbur turned handsprings and danced a jig right under his nose but he didn't move. He was waiting for this lovely little grasshopper to get just a little closer. Finally Wilbur lost his patience and picked up the



heavy fish eyelid to see what was what. Instantly the big jaws opened wide and snapped shut too close to please Wilbur. So the chase was on. And this time he was running for dear life. Never before had he found a fish that could swim so fast! He wondered whether he would make the boat in time.

Goofy wondered too. He was watching the race over his shoulder as he still tried desperately to shake the fat fish out of the net. Rip!! The heavy fish flopped into the barrel at last, taking most of the net with him. But Goofy was not looking at the net, he was in such a hurry to save Wilbur.

"Here you are," he called. "Jump!"

And Wilbur leaped through the torn net. The angry fish leaped too—clear through the hole! Still trying to save himself, Wilbur leaped again as high as

he could up the side of the boat. With wide-open jaws the fish jumped after him. He jumped so hard that his jaws hit the side of the boat and stuck there until Goofy reached over and pulled him loose.

But where was Wilbur?

Holding the fish by the tail, Goofy peered down his still wide-open jaws.

"Hello, hello, Wilbur. Are you there?" he called tearfully.

Then he put his ear to the fish's mouth as if it were a telephone receiver and listened.

No answer!

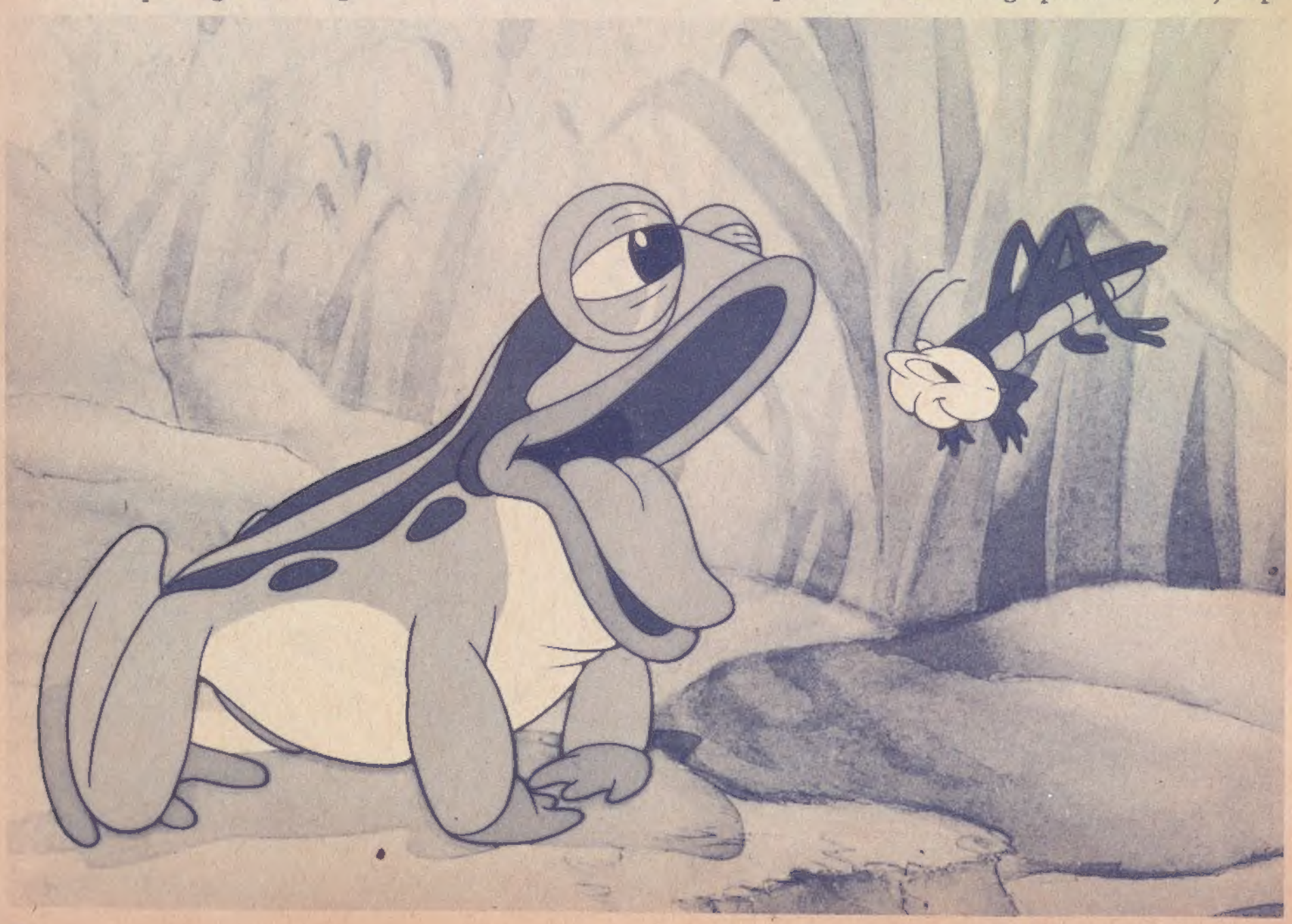
Goofy shook the fish and he pounded it. At last Wilbur tumbled out . . . more dead than alive. Goofy was worried. Very tenderly he laid the limp Wilbur on his knee and began to pump his legs up and down to revive him. Suddenly water spouted out of his mouth and slowly his bright green color returned.

"Speak to me, speak to me!" implored Goofy.

But Wilbur was too weak to talk. Goofy produced a bottle of smelling salts and waved it under his nose until gradually his pep came back again.

"Better watch your step," Goofy said as Wilbur made ready to go off again.

The grasshopper wanted to fight. He was going to show them a thing or two! After a few setting-up exercises he jump-



ed into the water. He felt pretty snappy, and there was a fish all ready to chase him! He turned toward the boat—only to face another fish. He turned to one side and then to the other and there were still more fish. He was surrounded!

Wilbur raised his feelers high above his head and flashed an S O S through the air to Goofy. Then, as all the fish made a dive for him, Wilbur took one long beautiful leap over their heads and raced for shore. They all chased him and this time Wilbur was not *teasing*. At least not until he was safe on shore. Then he stood on his hands and danced about, in the teeth of the hungry fish who couldn't follow him on land.

But he was feeling just a little too gay over his victory and foolishly *leaped* before he *looked* right down the throat of a waiting bullfrog!

Goofy saw it all from the boat. "Wilburrrr!" he wailed and jumped overboard. Only his hat showed above the surface of the water as he walked along the bottom of the lake. But as the water became more shallow he slowly emerged and ran after that frog. Alas, frogs are hard to catch. He hopped along and Goofy hopped along right after him, until he leaped so high that Goofy went under him and he landed on Goofy's back.

Slowly and slyly, Goofy bent down and lifting his hat in the air he clapped it down over Mr. Frog. But of course the old frog jumped right through the crown of the hat and was off, while Goofy twisted himself into knots trying to recover his hat *with* the frog inside.

Then he looked up just in time to see the frog swallowed by a crane and Goofy was off after the

crane. But that wasn't a fair race either because in no time the crane spread her wings and flew away. She flew straight to her nest on the top of a tall tree.

Goofy ran along the ground chasing her until he bumped into the foot of the tree. It was hollow! So Goofy squeezed in and shinnied up inside until his head pushed through the top and lifted her nest into the air.

The crane was very frightened and Goofy reached out a long arm and grabbed her by the leg. She spread her large wings and soon wiggled out of Goofy's grasp. And all was lost. Goofy sat down in the nest and began to cry. Big warm tears fell on a white egg the crane had left in the nest.

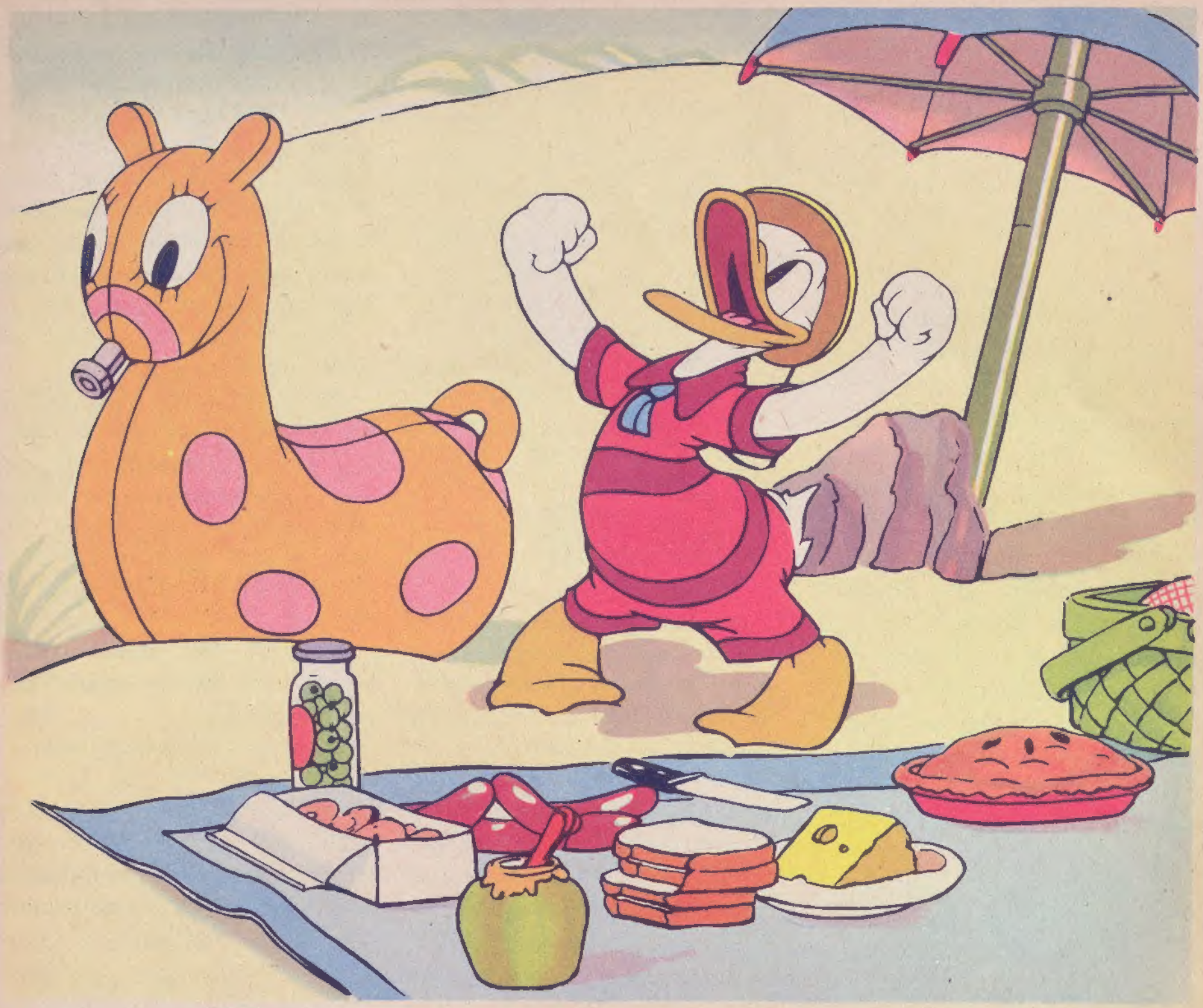
"Poor Wilbur," he sobbed. "I'll never, never see him again."

He waved a big handkerchief in farewell. "I've got to cheer up," he said to himself. "There's lots of grasshoppers in the weeds. But they're not like Wilbur," he moaned and cried, harder than ever. Hot tears rained down on the egg.

Suddenly the shell cracked open. And Wilbur hatched out as fit as a fiddle.

"I thought you was a gonner!" Goofy cried.

Wilbur jumped into his friend's hand, more spry than ever, and danced a jig just to prove that he was in good shape for many more fishing trips together.



The Beach Picnic

ONE sultry summer afternoon Donald Duck went to the beach for a swim. Under his arm he carried a basket filled with good things to eat. Over his shoulder he balanced a striped umbrella and a strange-looking horse. This horse was a very special kind. It was made of rubber, and could be blown up like a balloon through an air valve in its nose.

Finding a nice place for a picnic on the sand, Donald set up his umbrella and unpacked his luncheon. Then he filled the horse with air. It was hot work! But Donald didn't mind. He was anxious to take a ride in the cool green water which sparkled so invitingly.

"Now for a swim!" he cried. "Come on, 'Seabiscuit.' Let's go!" He grabbed the inflated rubber horse and ran down to the water's edge. As the surf whirled and swished around his legs, he threw the sea horse as far beyond the breakers as he could, then diving through the waves, he swam swiftly and eagerly toward it.

Donald patted the horse's slippery neck. "It's time for our ride, old boy," he cried, and vaulted lightly onto the horse's back. "Seabiscuit" shied and lunged and then just rolled over!

"Phooey!" Donald spluttered as he rose dripping from the water. "Surf-horse riding isn't much fun—it's too upsetting," and grinning ruefully, he started to wade ashore.

Just then he heard a familiar, friendly sound. He listened

quietly. Then he smiled.

"If that isn't Pluto, asleep and snoring, I miss my guess. But where is he?" Donald looked up and down the beach. At last he saw his friend, fast asleep, in the soft warm sand.

"My old Pal!" Donald chuckled. "I'll wake him up and . . ." A sly scheme flashed through his crafty mind.

"I'll wake him up, all right —*and how!*" he said. And taking his rubber horse with him, he hid himself behind some piling close by.

"Old horse," he whispered, "you're going on a little trip." And he pushed "Seabiscuit" through the shallow water toward the peacefully sleeping pup. And then clever Donald *whinnied*—like a horse, as loud as he could!

Poor Pluto almost jumped out of his skin. He looked around wildly and caught a glimpse of the rubber horse as it disappeared behind a large rock not far from shore.

Pluto's curiosity was aroused. He just *had* to find out what that thing was. Cautiously, he crept through the shallow water toward the rock. Trembling with excitement, he peeked around it. There was nothing there! The waves had carried the horse around the other end of the rock. It was bobbing up and down in back of Pluto! Donald watched the whole performance.

"That sea-going bronco will scare him right out of his collar," Donald snickered.

And then it *happened*.

"Yeee—ow!" howled Pluto. Leaping into the air he turned on his unknown foe. Over and over they rolled, in a whirl of sand and spray . . . until Pluto's teeth snapped onto the horse's air-valve nose.

Phsssshhhh!!! All the air in the rubber horse *rushed* down Pluto's throat until he swelled up like a balloon and *whooshed* off down the beach. "Seabiscuit" flattened

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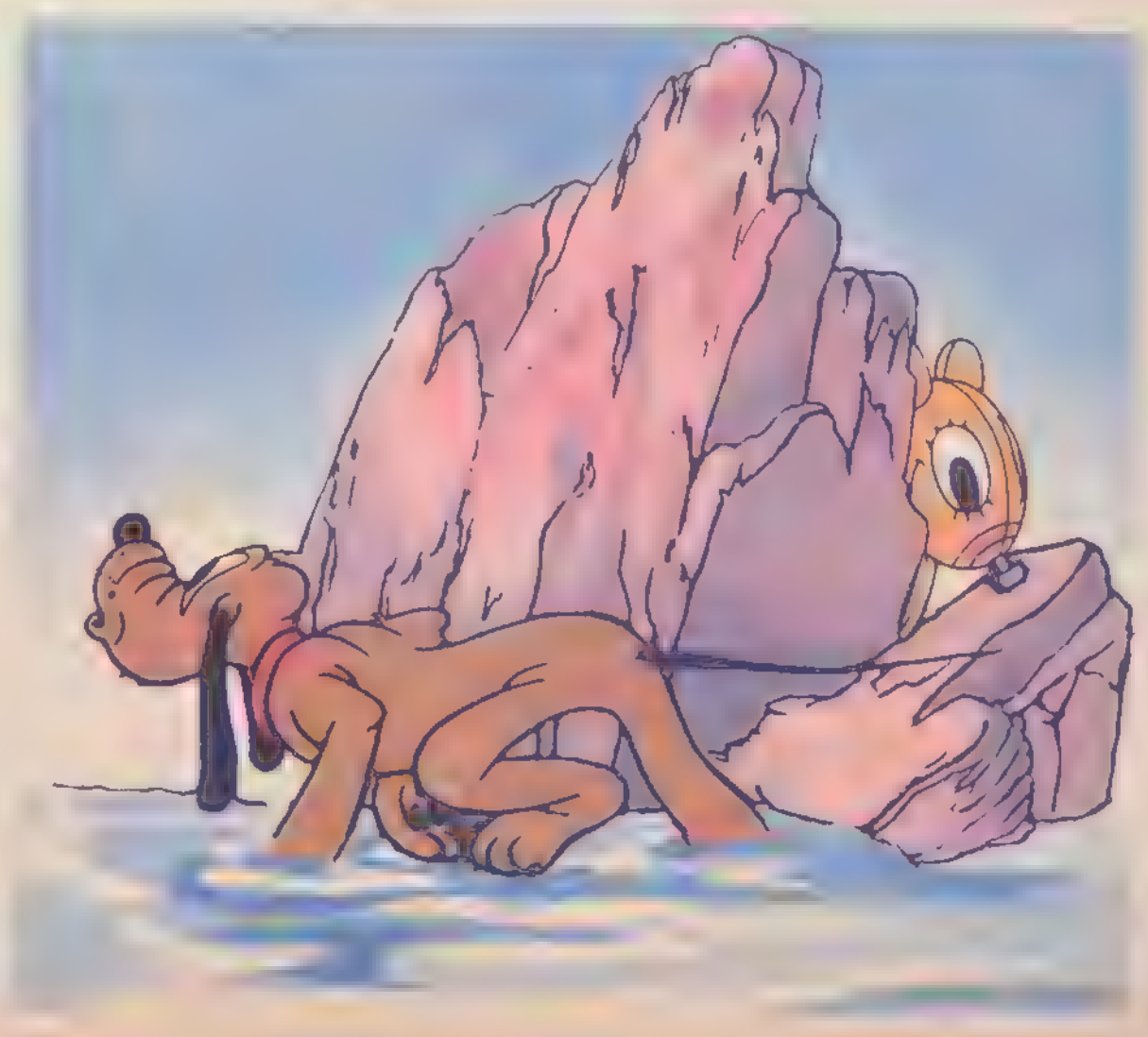


LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Mickey:

Your magazine was sent to me as a gift. I have never enjoyed a gift so much. It is both instructive and amusing. And I also like Peter the Farm Detective. It makes me want to know what's next.

Betty Lou Sause
Baltimore, Md.
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

I hope you and Donald, also Ferdinand, had a nice Christmas. I am looking forward to next month's magazine. I think it is swell to have a magazine like your magazine all to myself come through the mail with my name and address. I feel just like a big man, like my daddy sitting down in the chair to read *my* book.

Roger Webb
New York City
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

I get your magazine every month and I like The Brave Little Tailor very much. I am living in Chile and today is the Presidential election so I am very excited to know who will be President. On the fifth of September there was a little revolution in town and some students were killed. I am living in the city to go to school but in the holidays I go to my father's farm. My father gave me a trout rod for my birthday and we went on a fishing trip and I just caught one trout.

Felipe Munoz
Santiago, Chile
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

When we lived in Frankfort we went to the Kentucky Natural History Museum and saw many interesting things. We saw Daniel Boone's monument, his gun and powder horn and also the lining of Washington's coat which was full of bullet holes. Once we went when they were ready to close and my brother was locked in one of the large rooms. He pounded on the door and the man with the keys let him out.

Emerson Beauchamp, Jr.
Russellville, Ky.

Dear Mickey:

In the December issue I really thought that Donald's golf game was good. I am a member and am I glad! Oh! It's about time to go to bed.

Dicky Nelson
Holton, Kansas
Age 8

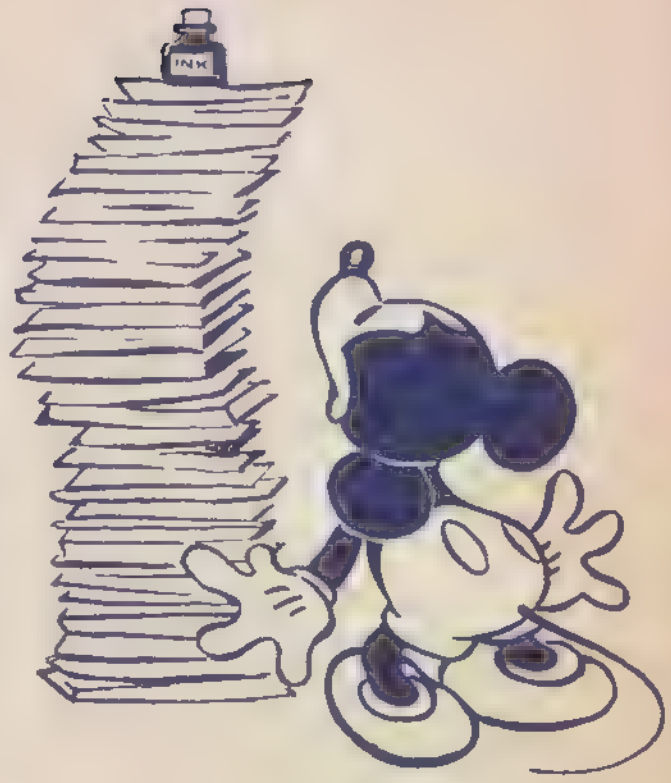
Hello, Everybody!

My, what a stack of mail I'm getting these days. I don't have to read the newspaper to know what's going on in the world, because my pals are everywhere and they don't forget to write. But they do seem to have a hard time remembering to put their names and addresses at the bottom of their letters!

Your pal,

Mickey

P. S.—Just address your letter: Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.



Dear Mickey:

I can't afford to buy your magazine. I like it very much though and some day I'm going to buy it. I have a collie dog at home and he is very friendly. I think he would be a nice playmate for Pluto. Tell Donald I like his Wise Quacks very much.

Maybelle Hughes
Puunene, Maui, T. H.
Age 11

Dear Mickey:

Today I received the January issue. I told my little brother and boy! you should see him run to the mailbox.

In school during our science period we are studying about the sun and stars. *The Sun's Family* will sure help me a lot. Give my regards to all.

Muriel Strackman
Waterbury, Conn.
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

I like you.

X X X

Jean Gille
Montreal, Canada
Age 5

The PLANET EARTH

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

THE WORLD we live upon is like the rest of the planets in many ways. It is dark and cold. It is warmed and lighted by the sun around which it moves. It spins upon its axis in 24 hours and faces first one side and then the other to the sun. This makes night and day and causes the sun and stars to seem to rise in the east and cross the sky to the west.

365 days pass on our earth as it swings once around the sun and completes our year. During the year we have summer, winter, spring, and fall. We have long days, short days and times when day and night are of equal length. We have high suns, low suns and suns that at noon are just half way up the sky.

Our world is wrapped about with a blanket of air at least 600 miles thick. Every bit of sunlight that reaches us upon the earth must pass through that blanket of air. When the sun's rays fall nearly straight up and down upon the earth they are the warmest. Not only because they pass through the least possible air, but also because they must cover the least amount of ground. Where the sun's rays come in on a slant, they must pass through more air and are spread over a greater amount of territory.

Now, if the world stood straight up and down on its axis as it moved in its path around the sun, the straightest "up-and-down" rays would always fall at the equator. But the world is tipped. As it goes around the sun, first one pole and then the other seems to tip into the sunlight. As this happens the warm rays of the sun shift north and south. When the warm rays are farthest north, people in Europe and America and China and Japan have summer. But at the same time people in South America, Africa, and Australia have winter. As the world moves round the sun the warm rays

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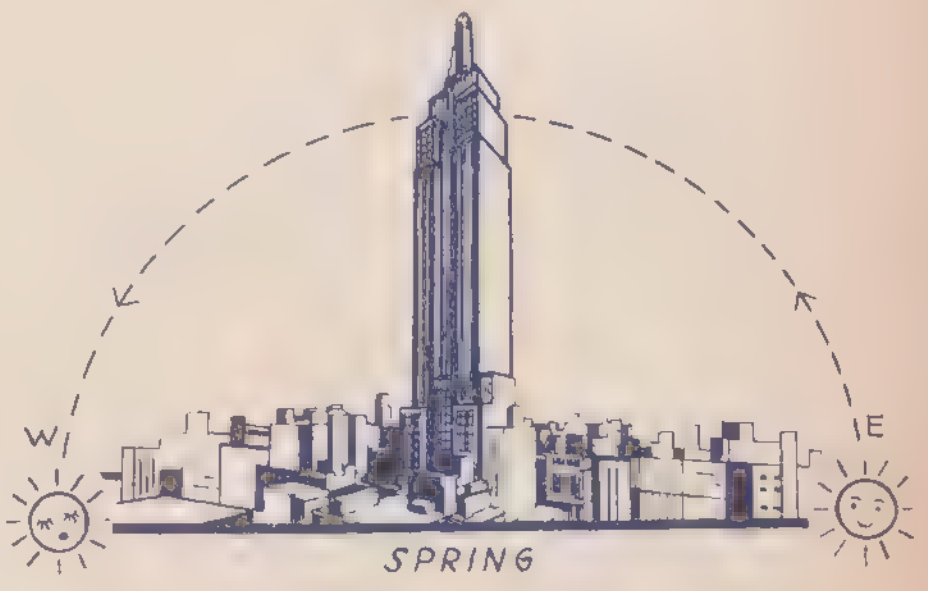

THE BEACH PICNIC

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out like a ginger cookie horse and slowly sank beneath the waves.

Donald laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. For once the joke wasn't on him.

"This has all been very, very funny!" he cried as he started off to rescue his horse. "When I find that rubber nag, I'll have my luncheon. This salt air has certainly given me an appetite."

Back on the beach, meanwhile, the hot summer sun beat down on Donald's luncheon. The warm pies and gooey chocolate frostings on the cakes filled the air with tempting smells.

A gentle breeze wafted these delicious odors across the sandy beach and down into a near-by encampment of fierce "Injun" ants! A sentinel, in war paint and feathers, raised his head and sniffed the air.

"Ugh, heap good smell! Food!" he grunted. Then he vanished silently through the grass forest in the direction of Donald's striped umbrella.

Softly he parted the grass blades at the edge of the beach. He peered intently across the shimmering sand. The lone scout couldn't believe his eyes. He shook his head and looked again. Yes, there was no mistake. Before him lay the finest picnic he had ever seen. And to make it even better, no one was guarding the feast.

As silently as he had come, he turned and stole away, back to the encampment of his tribe.

The news spread like wildfire! The warrior ants popped out of their tepees by twos and threes, which rapidly swelled to hungry hundreds. The whole army followed their scout back to Donald's luncheon and lost no time in swarming over the good things he had so heedlessly left on the ground . . .

Poor unsuspecting Donald! Little did he know what was going on as he waded leisurely through the water hunting for "Seabiscuit." *But* when he found his water-logged pony and returned to his banquet

spread, what a shock he got!

Ants were everywhere! His lunch was being carried off and massacred by a tribe of whooping savages.

"Shades of Custer," he yelled. "Stop, you robbers! Pirates! I'll get you for this, you crooks!" Then he suddenly remembered that, for no good reason, he'd brought some sticky flypaper to the beach with him.

"Flypaper!" he shouted. "That'll trap 'em. I'll catch every one of them." And he took the sticky stuff and tossed it around among the picnic dishes.

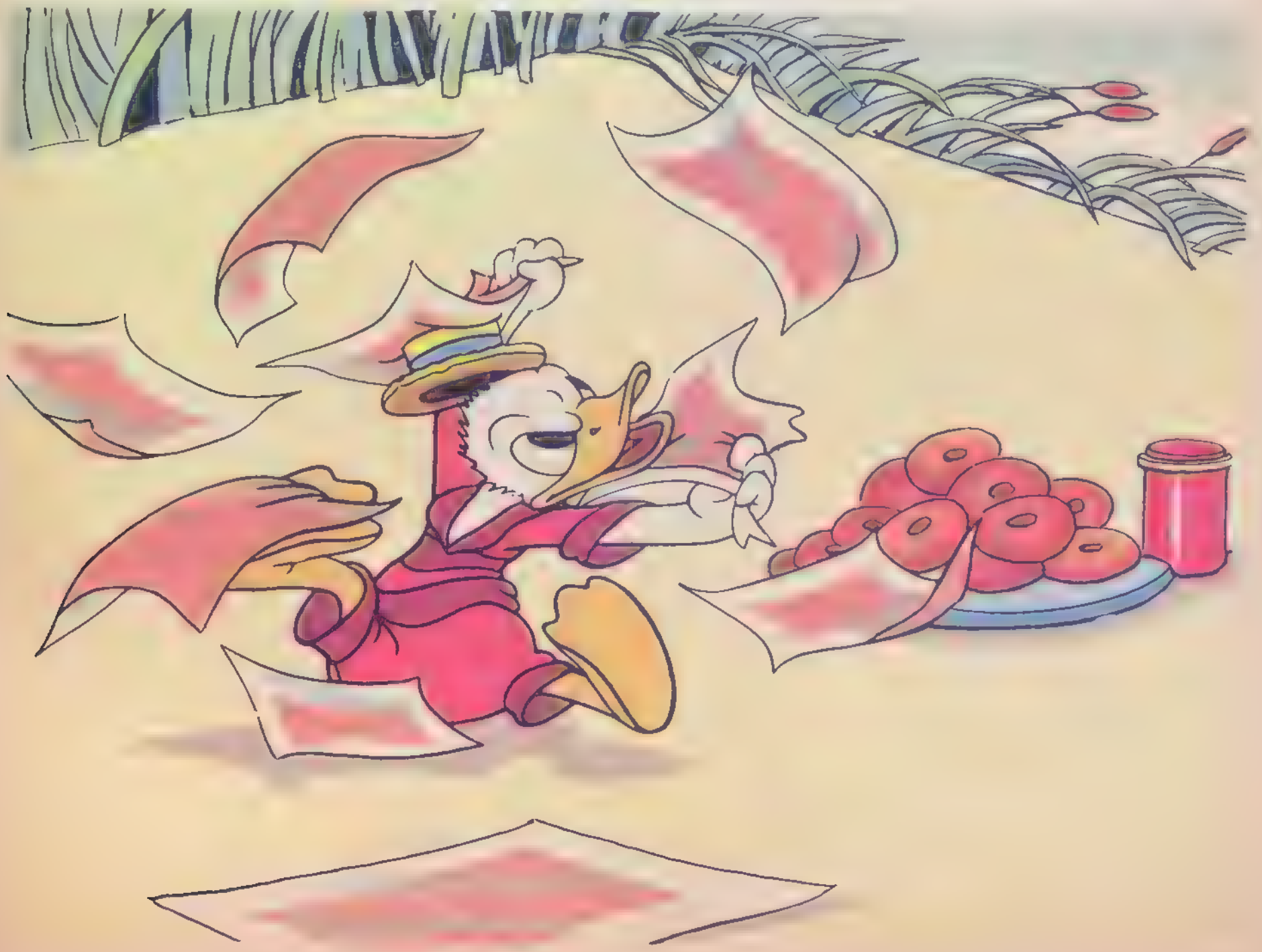
As Donald frantically continued to fight the invaders, Pluto was recovering from his awful experience with "Seabiscuit." As he made his way slowly in the direction of Donald's umbrella, he saw an escaping warrior carrying a big piece of cake. The ant dropped his booty when he saw Pluto and ran away as fast as he could.

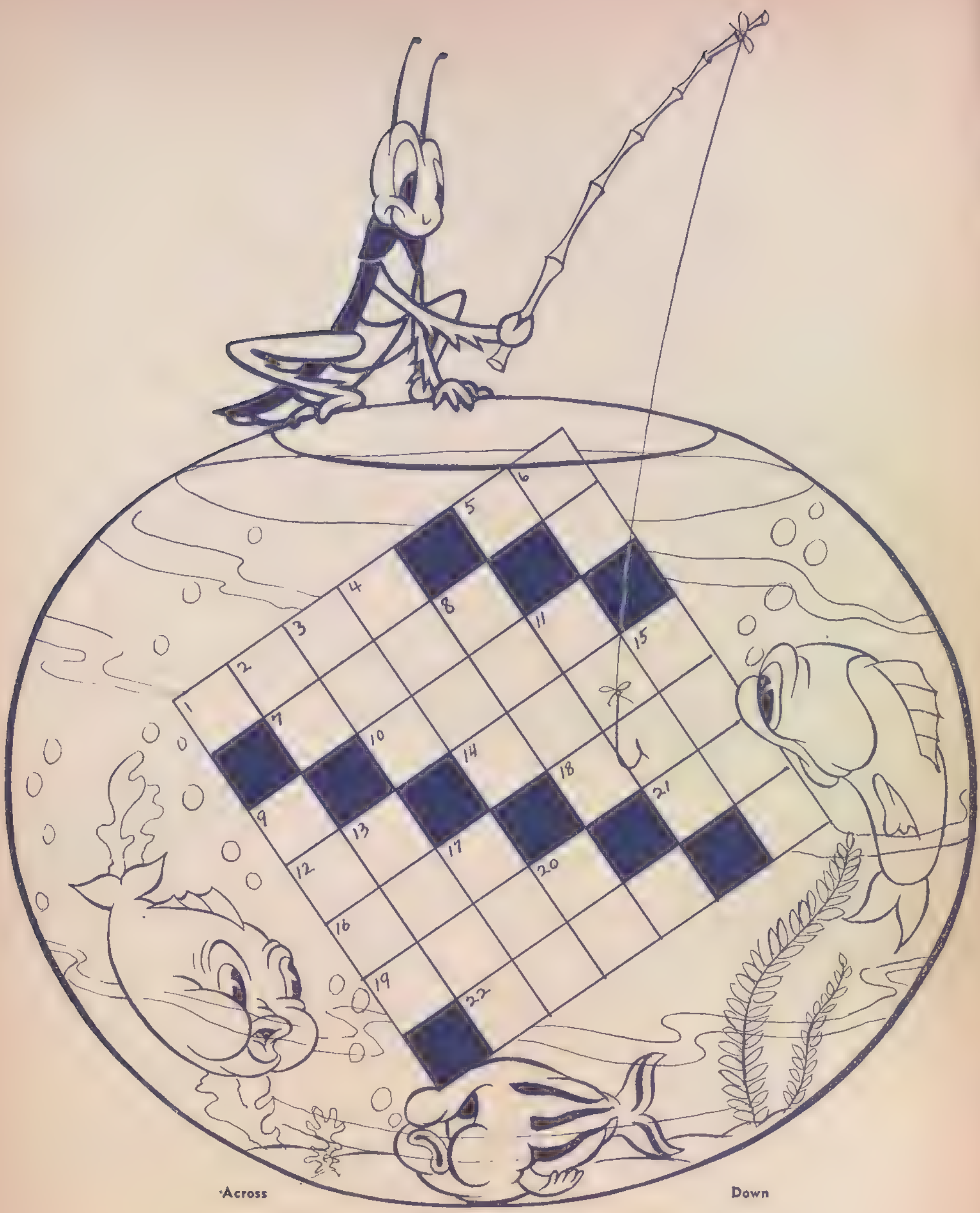
With Pluto sniffing at his heels, the desperate Brave dove under one of the sticky sheets of flypaper Donald had tossed among the dishes. Excited and eager, Pluto fell headlong into the trap! The flypaper stuck to his nose and face. Blinded as he was, Pluto stumbled into the luncheon dishes.

Donald didn't think *that* was very funny. He pushed Pluto away from the sandwiches and cake, and stepped in some of the sticky stuff himself. He tripped and landed . . . in his own trap! Flypaper covered his head and bound his feet. He rolled in the butter and then in the bread. "I'm in a fine mess! A fine pickle! A fine *jam!*" he muttered helplessly.

At last Pluto managed to free himself. He picked his way carefully toward his old pal, Donald, who was so covered with flypaper and sand that he looked like a mummy. "Who said 'more fun than a picnic'!" Donald exploded. "Phooey!"

Pluto licked Donald's face in complete agreement. He hadn't liked this picnic either.





Across

1. Dumb
5. Myself
7. First stage of a plant
10. Old
12. Part of the verb *to be*
14. Part of a boat
16. That which police enforce
18. Kind of car
19. Original garden
21. Towards
22. Deepest black

Down

2. You and I
3. Meadow
4. Part of the body
6. Exclamation
8. Pet name
9. Masculine sex
11. Recommended for fat people
13. Manufactured
15. See
17. What spiders weave
20. Negative

Solution to be found on page 25

There are such haughty people
Who hold their heads in the air.
If a fairy even spoke to them
They wouldn't know or care.

Mary Jane Woodrow
Los Angeles, Calif.
Age 11

Tommy Powell
Orosi, Calif.
Age 7

Where Omar lives there are not
many boys
Out in the jungle where they have
no toys.
But, oh, it must be lots of fun
To see those elephants on the run.

Janet Denton
Venice, Calif.
Age 9

I have a teddy bear
As chubby as can be.
He sits in a rocking chair
With two glassy eyes on me.

Mary Jean Linnaman
Indianapolis, Ind.
Age 11

FARM LIFE

I think farm life is lots of fun
Especially near the fall
When everyone is busy
With wheat and hay to haul.

I love to watch them fill the silo
And help them grow the corn
And put the horses in the lane
On a cool and frosty morn.

To milk the cows is lots of fun
And to feed them hay
And the way they chew their cud
That's all *they* do all day!

Lester Bansbach
7th Grade
Age 15

EARLY in the morning
When the sun is shining
See the little engines
All in a row.
See the driver
Pull the lever
Choo-choo Choo-choo
Away we go.

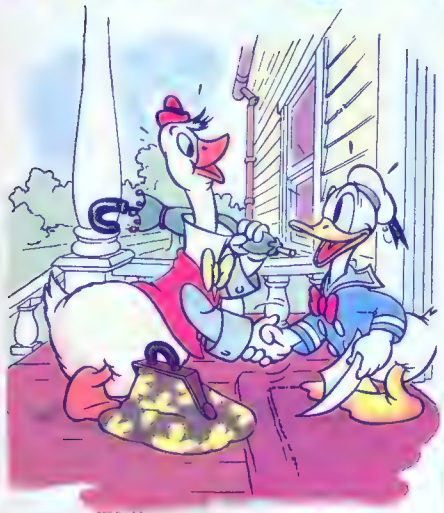
Tommy Reynolds
Montreal, Canada
Age 5

Shirley Schmid
Colton, Calif.
Age 12

This is YOUR PAGE so get busy today with your contribution. Write a poem, or a play, tell a story, or write about something which has happened. And do the very best you can. It should not be too long because you see the space is limited. Of course we want drawings too. But be sure to make them in black line on plain white paper so they will reproduce nicely.

And most important of all, don't forget to write your name and your address and your age plainly at the bottom of the page, so we can write to you.

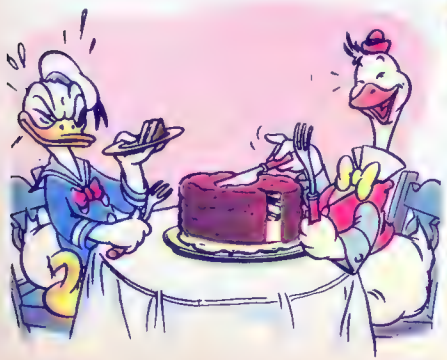
The Story of Donald Duck's COUSIN GUS



Brrrrrring! Brrrrrring!!

"Here it is, dinnertime, and someone is ringing my doorbell!" Donald Duck said peevishly. As he went to the door, a stranger standing on the porch handed him a letter. Donald tore the envelope open and read: "This is your cousin, Gus Goose. I am sending him to visit you. Love, Aunt Fanny. P.S. He doesn't eat much."

Generous and kindhearted Donald was glad to see his cousin.



"Well, well, Cousin Gus," he said as he shook hands, "how are you? Won't you come in and have a bite of food with me?"

Cousin Gus needed no second invitation! Before Donald finished speaking he was sitting at the table drinking soup!

"Whew!" Donald said. "There's nothing slow about you, is there? What do you think you're eating, anyway?"

Gus got up from the table and pulled a large alarm clock out of his pocket.

Donald looked at its dial. It read—"DINNER."

"Okay," Donald grunted, "you win—go to it. Eat your head off!"

Donald seated himself opposite his cousin at the table.

"I bet you like chocolate cake, don't you, Gus?" he asked as he carefully cut a dainty wedge-shaped piece and offered it to his cousin.

Gus grinned happily and picked up—not the little slice, but all the rest of the cake!

"So that's the way you're gonna play, is it?" Donald scowled. "The cake for you and one small piece for me! Well, two can play that game."

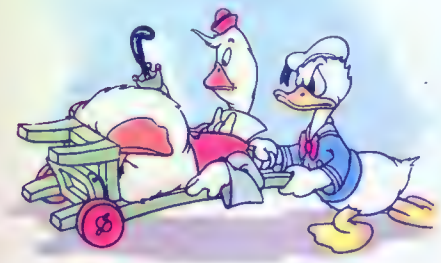
Gus smiled politely at his host and proceeded to gulp the cake. Donald's scowl deepened.

"How," he asked himself, "can I stop this blooming relative of mine from eating me out of house and home?" Poor Donald thought and thought, while Cousin Gus ate and ate. Five pork chops, two bananas and fourteen sandwiches later—Donald had an idea!

"My old hand truck!" he said to himself. "That's one way to get him out of the house." He took another frantic look at his hungry guest, who just kept on making more of the biggest sandwiches Donald had ever seen.

"My dear, sweet, lovely, beautiful, marvelous, wonderful cousin—you're going to take a little ride!" he yelled.

Before he knew it, Gus was rushed out of Donald's house on the little hand truck. But before Donald knew it, Gus rushed right back in through the kitchen door.

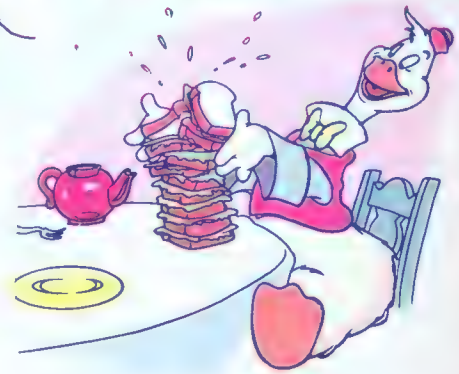


However, Donald wasn't beaten so easily! In desperation he fed his unwelcome guest some *very special* hot dogs.

Bow wow wow! Grrrr! Woof! The dogs commenced barking and fighting in Cousin Gus's remarkable tummy. At this, Gus became so frightened he ran right out of the house.

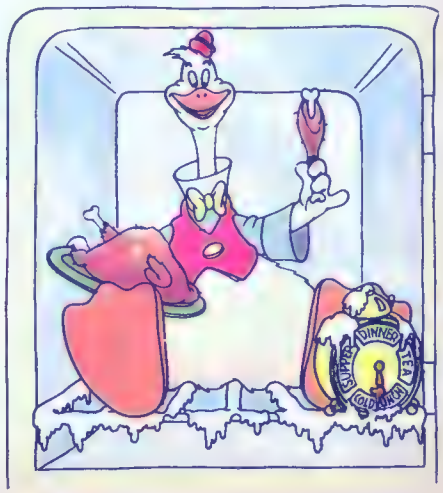
"Thank goodness!" Donald sighed, locking the door, "he's gone."

"Well, now that it's all over," Donald said, "let's see what's left for *me* to eat. I'm mighty hungry!" So saying, he went to the icebox and opened the door.

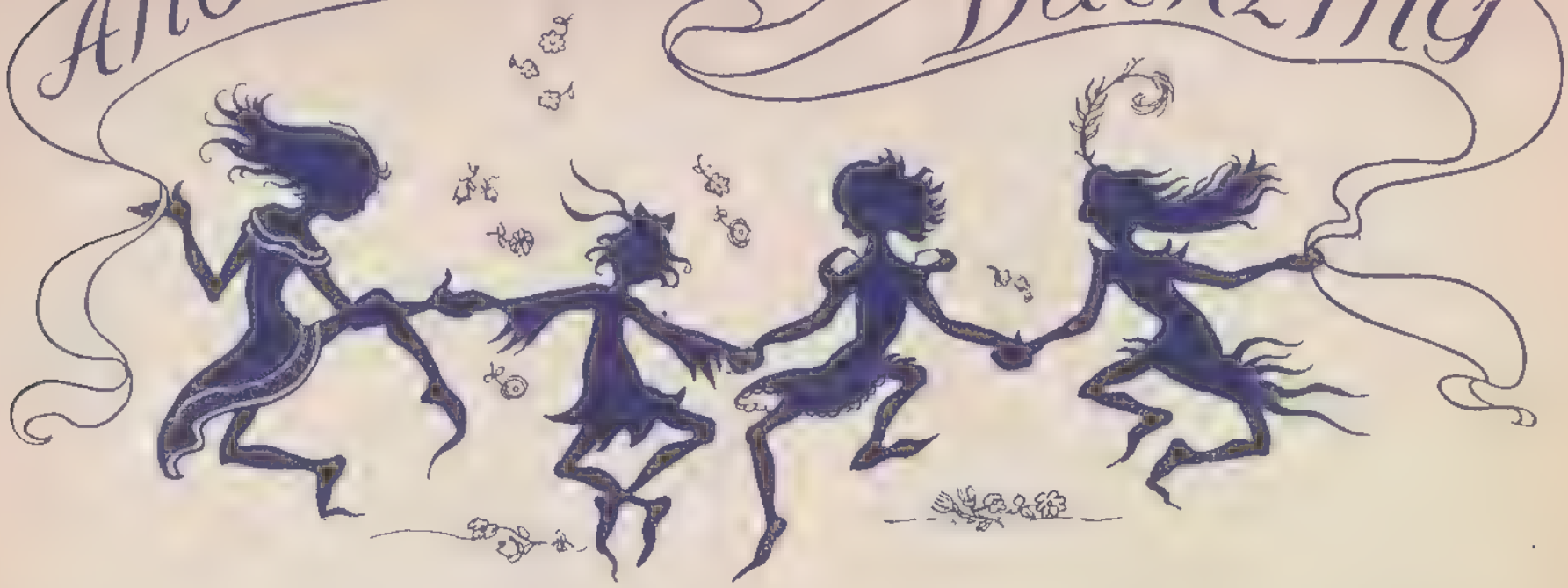


There sat the amazing Gus with a drumstick in his hand! Once more he showed his clock to Donald. The hand of the clock pointed to "COLD LUNCH."

Poor hungry Donald shut the icebox door . . . and quietly fainted dead away!



ANOTHER UGLY DUCKLING



THE APRIL sunbeams danced gaily on the floor of a village church and tried to liven the dim interior. It was the christening service. A shoemaker and his wife, clad in their shabby best, were giving a name to their screeching baby.

"I baptize thee Hans Christian," concluded the minister, handing the child to his father.

And when the service was over, he added: "This young one screams like a cat."

But a man who stood near-by tried to soften the minister's words. "Do you know," he said to the mother, "the louder he cries now, the more beautifully he will sing when he is older."

It was like the prophesy of a godmother in the fairy tales, for Hans Christian Andersen grew to have a voice like a skylark. In many other respects, too, his life resembled that of the fairy tale hero, and even as a child he compared himself with the woodcutter's son who saved the kingdom and married the princess.

Hans Christian was born in Denmark, that lovely northern country where the storks come home each Spring to nest on the housetops. It is no wonder he believed that fairy tales come true. He was schooled in folk lore almost from his cradle.

The Andersens lived in one room which was a shoemaker's workshop, bedroom, and everything else combined. A little ladder led out to the roof, and there a chest filled with earth served them for a garden. They must all have been fond of green things for Mr. Andersen took his son to the woods every Sunday. And in May his wife went with them and gathered branches to decorate the house.

In spite of their poverty Hans Christian had a happy childhood. His father read stories and plays of all kinds aloud to him, and also made him toys. The best of these were a peep show and a puppet theater, which the boy played with for many years.

Both father and son were fond of the theater, though of course, they could seldom afford to go to a play. To make up for it, the boy persuaded his friends to give him the programs, and from them he imagined the most fantastic dramas.

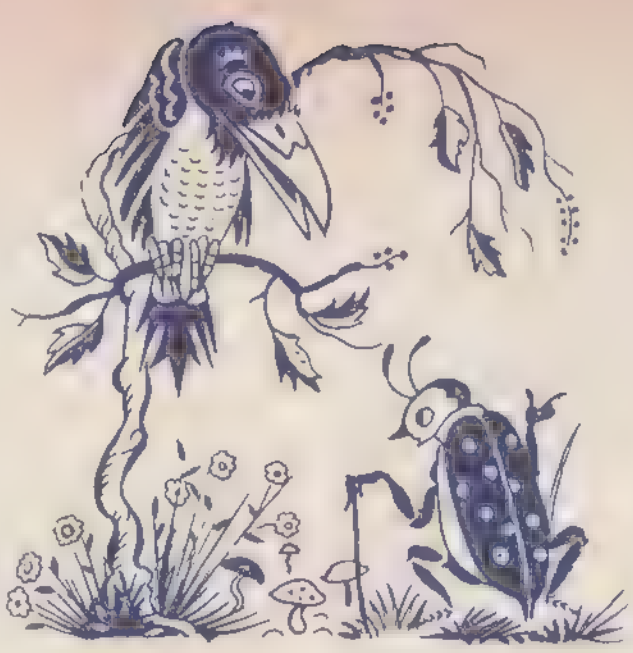
While he was still small, his father died. That left Hans Christian very lonely because his mother went out to work as a laundress. Sometimes the boy played by himself all day, and sometimes he read to an elderly widow, and several other women of his acquaintance. They all spoiled and petted him.

His voice had become so beautiful that he was invited to sing at the houses of many wealthy families in the neighborhood. He even sang occasionally in the village theater. And because everyone was kind to him, he became convinced that he was different from other boys, and born to be a great actor.

So when he was fourteen, he begged his mother to let him go to the city of Copenhagen and make his fortune. He still believed that life was a fairy tale, and that he would soon have some wonderful adventure that would lead to glory.

His mother had always thought that Hans Christian was unusual, too. Perhaps he *would* be famous if he lived in the city. So she consented, and early one morning, she put him on the coach and started him on his journey.

He was thrilled with excitement and full of hope for the future. One of the first things he did when he reached Copenhagen



was to look for the theater. As he wandered about, gazing up at its walls, a man came up to him.

"Would you like a ticket for the play?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," cried the boy, thinking he was going to be presented with one.

"Where would you like to sit?"

"Oh, anywhere that would be convenient."

The man stared at him, uncertain whether Andersen were crazy, or deliberately making fun of him. Then he turned on his heel and walked off, leaving a very bewildered and disappointed boy.

The next morning Hans Christian put on his best clothes and went to the home of a famous dancer. He had brought with him a letter of introduction to her. On the doorstep, he knelt down to pray, and the lady's maid, who was coming out of the house, dropped some pennies into his hat.

He was horrified because he thought he looked very fine. He didn't realize that even his best suit was poor and worn.

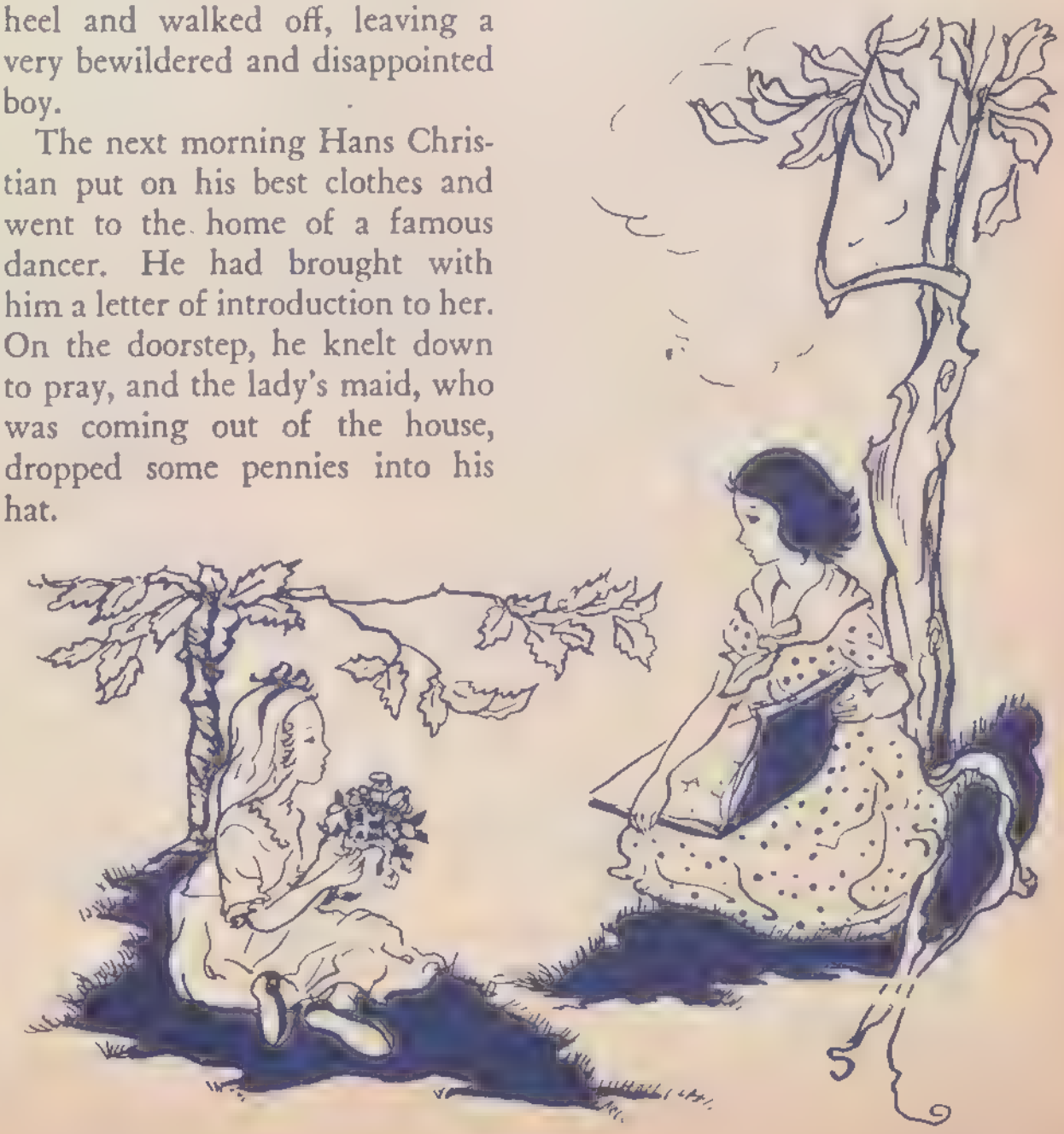
"How can you think that I am a beggar?" he cried, eager to return the money.

But the girl only answered: "Keep it, keep it," and ran off.

An even worse shock was in store for Andersen when he was finally admitted to the dancer's apartment. She had no recollection of the man who had written his letter of introduction to her!

Hans Christian begged her to help him. He was so sure of his talent that he pulled off his shoes, which were very stiff, and began to sing and dance. He was unusually tall and thin, as well as being awkward and homely. And he had never had a dancing lesson. It is small wonder that the lady dismissed him, thinking he could never be an actor.

Continued on page 25



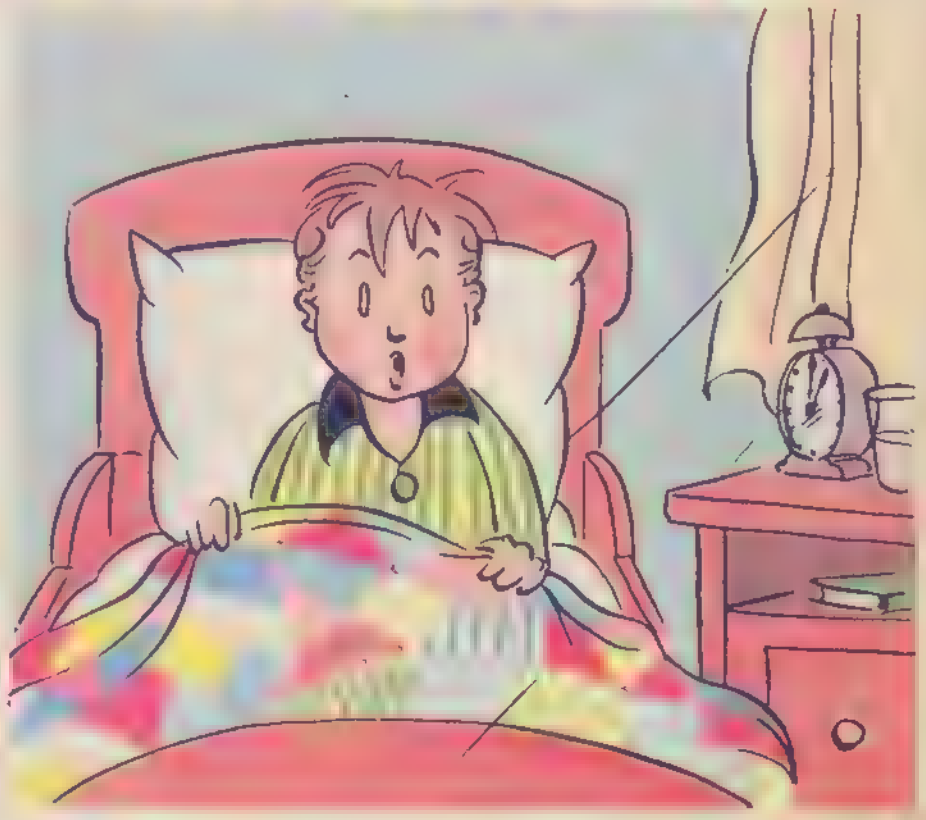
PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

EARLY next morning before the Sheriff was out of bed the country telephone jangled two short rings and then a long one.

"Hello, Hello!" he said. "Fine time to be getting a fellow out of bed. Oh! it's you Peter! Well, what luck? Yes, yes, go on. Great work! First thing I know you'll be taking my Sheriff's badge away from me! Ha! Ha! Well, I'll round up my men this morning and we'll go over to pick up Farmer Brown's horse. Say, won't that fellow be surprised when he sees all the white paint washed off! Thought he'd fool us, did he? Well, we'll teach him a lesson. And I wouldn't be a mite surprised if we didn't find a parcel of other missing horses in the same stable. Better turn the hose on all of them just to be sure. Well, get to bed now and snatch a few winks. You did a fine job and I'm proud of you. Eh? what's that? Oh! I'm not forgetting Watson or Nosey either for that matter. When I'm ordering medals I'll make it three of a kind. How's that?"

A steaming breakfast was set out for him when Peter hung up the receiver.

"Mercy child, you must be all tired out," his mother said wiping her hands on her apron. "Here eat this and then go to bed."



LATER, when Peter awoke the sun was high and he felt fine after a good nap. Out in the hall he heard his father's voice shouting downstairs.

"Haven't seen my gold watch anywhere, have you? I've looked high and low but it's nowhere to be found. Probably stolen. Can't think what else!"

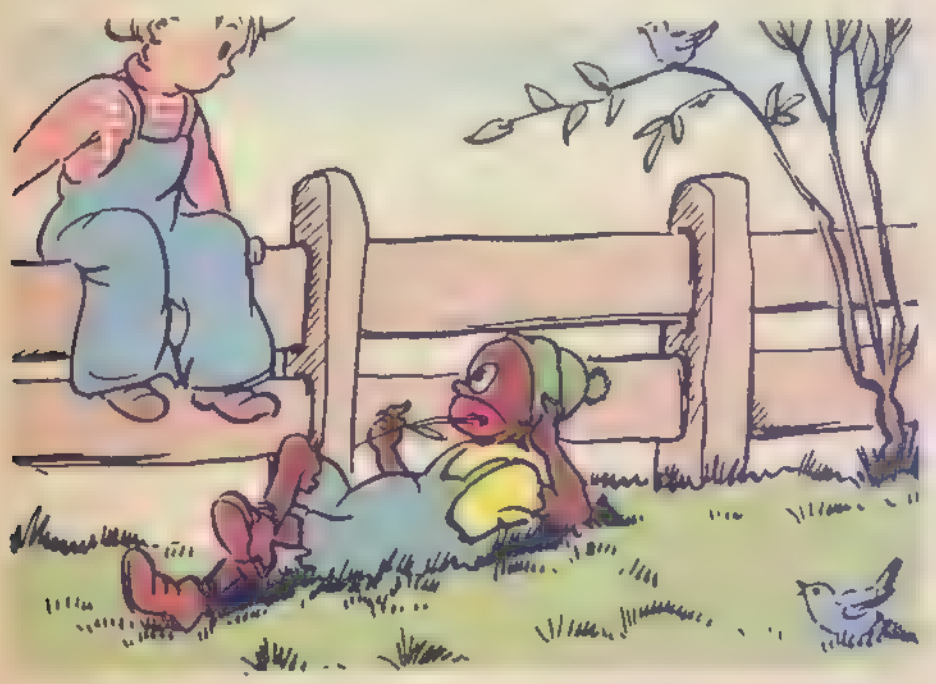
"You don't mean you've lost the big gold watch that belonged to Grandpa, do you?" asked Peter, bursting out of his room.

"Lost! Umph!" grumbled Peter's father. "It's my guess that someone neatly lifted it out of my pocket, that's what."

"Don't worry, dad, we'll get it back for you," said Peter confidently. "Just tell me everything you did the last couple of days and who you talked to and what they looked like and everything."

"That's a big order!" laughed his father. "But this is nothing for you to get mixed up in. It's way over your head. We're dealing with a bunch of *real* crooks this time, that's my guess, and it's dangerous business. You'd best take your fishing rod and skip along up the river. It's a nice day."

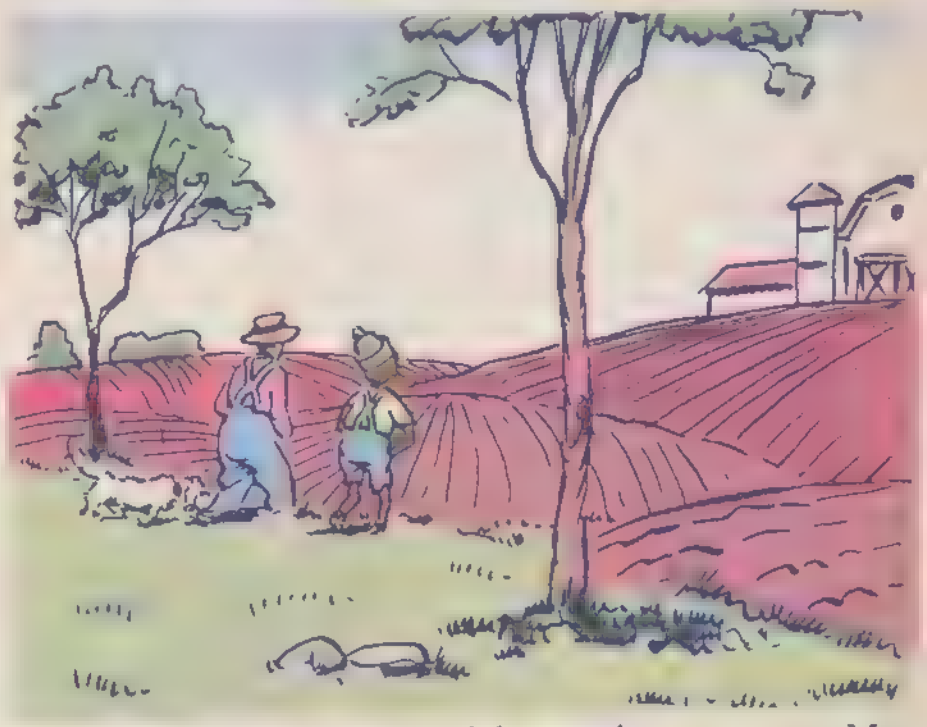
But Peter had no use for fishing when there was a mystery to be solved. After his father went out, he perched on the fence, dangling his feet, and tried to think. Meanwhile Watson sprawled full length on the ground and chewed a blade of grass.



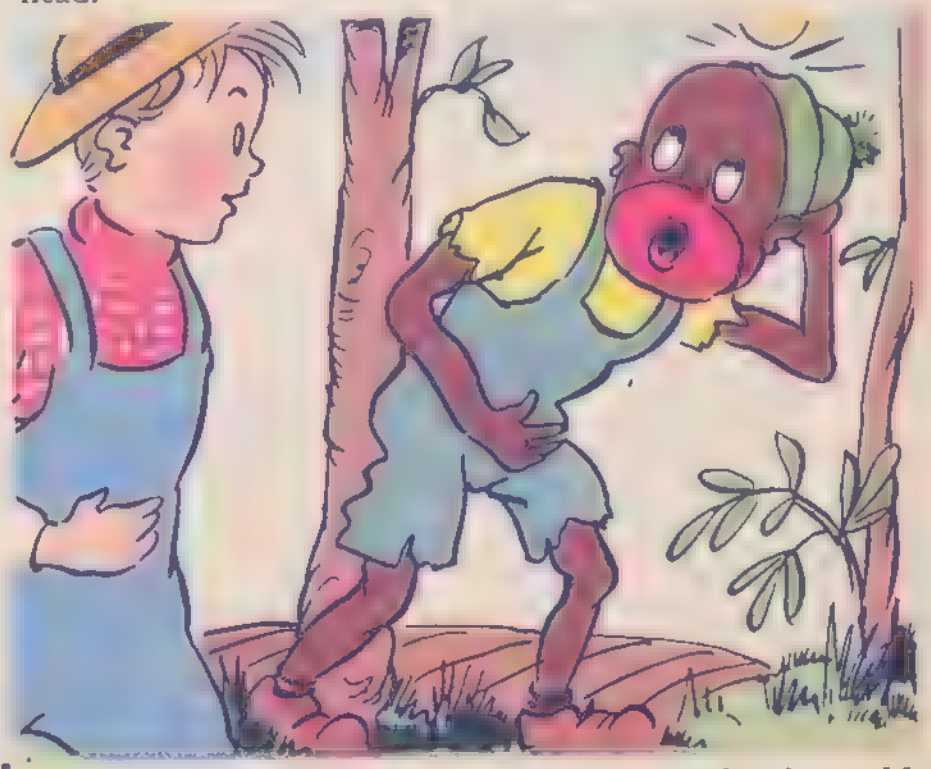
"Sherlock Holmes said once that you have to reconstruct a crime to find the criminal, so come along, Watson, let's start," cried Peter, jumping down.

"What you mean constructin' what?" asked Watson completely baffled.

"Well, first we'll look over the barns and then the field my father plowed yesterday. It may give us a clue."



"Ouch! Somfin hit me right on the cocoanut. Must have been a green apple!" Watson groaned, rubbing his head.



"Green apple nothing!" shouted Peter. "Look, it's a golden apple!" And he pointed up to the lost watch dangling in the sunlight. "Father probably hung his coat there while he sat under this tree to rest from the heat, and the watch chain caught on the branch! He was right when he said it was 'way over my head.' Ho! Ho!"

Wise Quacks

Edited by Donald Duck

A little boy went to a candy store without any money.

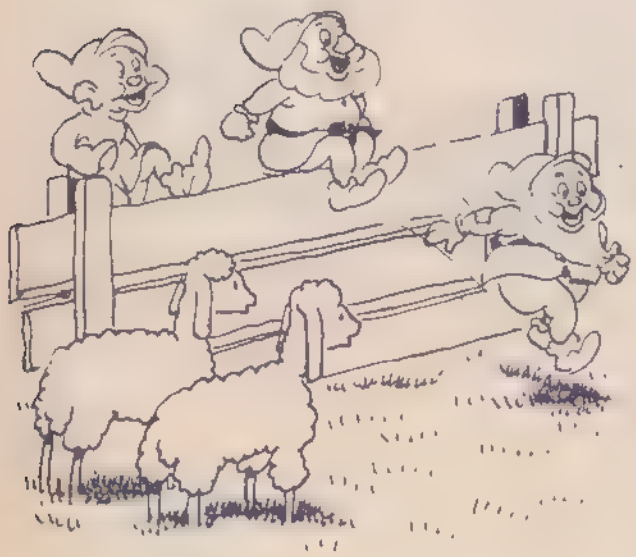
"Have you anything *free* on sale today?" he asked the clerk.

Carol Kaplan
Boston, Mass.
Age 8

Mother: This the second time you've broken a window pane, Johnny!

Johnny: But this time the glass fell in the street so I don't have to pick it up.

Michael Fontaine
Concepcion, Chile, S. A.
Age 11



Mother: What are you doing wide awake?

Billy: I'm counting Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs going over a fence.

Mother: Snow White and the dwarfs jumping over a fence!

Billy: Sure! Instead of the old-fashioned sheep.

Janet Denton
Venice, Calif.
Age 9

Father: (Showing three-year-old one dollar and one quarter) Which do you want?

Child: Neither one.

Father: Why not?

Child: Because it's only paper and tin.

Donald McCary
Oakland, Calif.
Age 8

Mother: Peter, watch the baby, please.

Peter: No, mother, I am no shepherd.

Ruth Domsalla
Clinton, Iowa
Age 9

Mother: Johnny, there were two pieces of cake in the pantry and now there is only one. How did that happen?

Johnny: I don't know, mother. I guess it was dark and I didn't see the other piece.

Louise Cagle
Jackson, Tenn.
Age 14

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Daddy: Will you have a piece of duck?

Four-year-old: Yes, please, duck is my favorite chicken, except turkey.

Ann Preston
Tazewell, Va.
Age 10

Tourist: Why are those trees in the orchard all bent over?

Farmer: You'd bend over too if you were full of green apples!

Carol Kent
Binghamton, N. Y.
Age 9

Mother: Bobby, why are you using so much toothpaste? I said to take only the size of a bean.

Bobby: Yes, but this is a string bean.

Barbara Schultz
Far Rockaway, N. Y.
Age 9

Boy: I can't thread this needle, mother.

Mother: Why not? It's very simple.

Boy: Well, every time I get the thread near the eye it blinks.

Laura Bell Tull
Seney, Michigan
Age 8

ANOTHER UGLY DUCKLING

Continued from page 21

But the boy was not discouraged. He went to see the manager of the theater and asked for a position. Once again he was sent away. And the manager told him, as many other persons were to tell him in the course of the next few years, that what he needed was an education.

This time Hans Christian was nearly heart-broken. He had almost no money left, and if someone did not help him soon, he would be without food and shel ter. In the midst of his despair he remembered that an Italian, named Siboni, was director of the Academy of Music.

The boy hurried to his house and poured out the whole story of his life to the housekeeper. He was so miserable that she took pity on him.

Siboni was entertaining some friends for dinner, and his house keeper went into the dining-room and told them about the strange, sad youth at the door. They all rushed into the hall and asked Andersen to sing, and he was glad to do so. He also repeated some verses. And then he was so unhappy that he burst into tears.

The men were quite sympathetic. Some of them had also been very poor, and they were quite ready to help the boy. They collected a purse for him, and Siboni agreed to give him singing lessons.

But once again Andersen was doomed to failure and disappointment. In a few months his voice was injured and Siboni had to tell him that he would never be a great singer.

FOR THREE years he stayed on in Copenhagen waiting for something to happen to bring him glory. Often he had nothing to eat, and he was still patching the same suit he had worn on the coach when he left home.

He had had instructions in dancing and acting, and he had failed. He had had Latin lessons and refused to study. He wanted now to be a poet, but wherever he went his friends told him he needed more schooling.

As a little boy, his mother had never forced him to go to school, and even when he went, he was not much of a student. Nor was the little school he attended a very good one. When he reached the city, at the age of fourteen, his grammar was very bad, and his spelling was even worse.

No wonder the men who advised him and gave him money, urged him to go to school! But it isn't easy to go back in the grades when you are seventeen. Hans Christian would have to be in a class with boys only half his size. It was very hard for him, and yet he did want to be a poet. So at last he was sent to a boarding school.

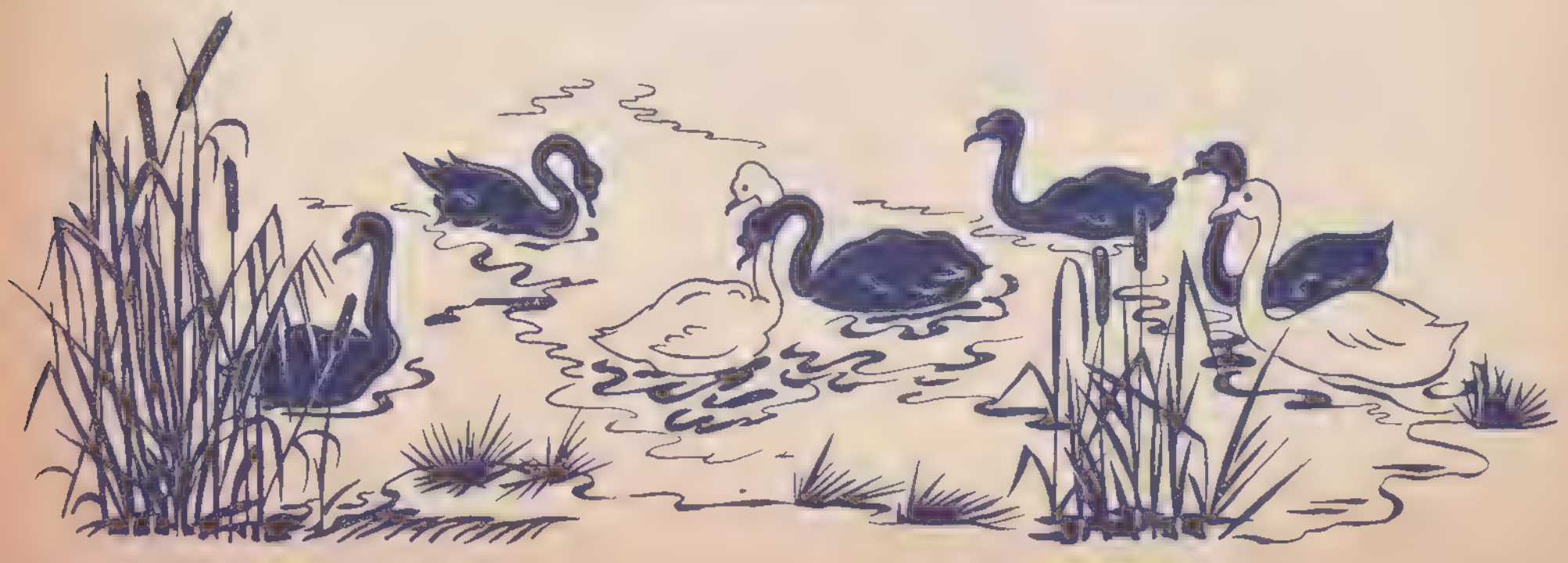
The years he spent there were difficult and unhappy. He worked hard, but he learned slowly. The boys were nice to him, but he was ashamed to be in a class with such little ones. Still he stuck to it, and at last he graduated.

After that the worst of his hardships were over. His writing improved from year to year until at last he began to write fairy tales. They were so popular that they were translated into many languages, and read everywhere. And then, the first thing he knew, Andersen was the guest of kings, just as he had always dreamed. The Ugly Duckling at last became a swan.

Solution to crossword puzzle

on page 16

D	U	L	L	■	M	E
■	S	E	E	D	■	H
M	■	A	G	E	D	■
A	M	■	S	A	I	L
L	A	W	■	R	E	O
E	D	E	N	■	T	O
■	E	B	O	N	■	K



Book Review

STORY AND PICTURES BY

CLARE TURLAY NEWBERRY

HERBERT THE LION

"THERE was once a little girl named Sally who wanted a baby lion. She already had a doll's house, two dolls, a tea set, and a toy zebra on wheels, but she did not like any of them.

"All she wanted was a lion, a real live lion.

"So one day her mother brought her one from downtown. Then Sally was very happy. She named the little cub Herbert and they played together all day long."

Sally has a beautiful time with her little cub. They eat the same things at the same time and live in constant companionship like sisters and brothers. Unfortunately it doesn't last long because Herbert is not like the two dolls or the toy zebra on wheels.

HERBERT is a real lion. But he is a very special lion . . . the kind of lion every child dreams about and would love to have for his very own. He is powerful with a shaggy mane and so fierce looking he scares everyone almost to death. But he doesn't frighten Sally because she adores him and understands him. She knows he's as gentle as a lamb and as playful as a big old dog.

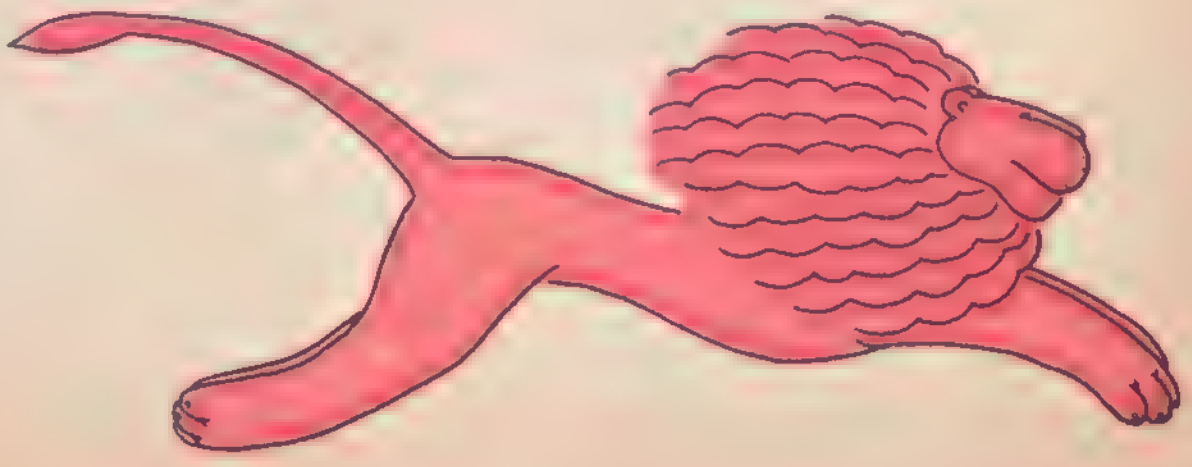
In the beginning when Herbert was just a baby he fitted into the household very nicely and was no problem at all. But when he grew bigger and bigger even Sally had to admit that something must be done about it.

And what they do do about it is again a dream-come-true for most boys and girls.

Clare Turlay Newberry who wrote the book and made the drawings too, has done something quite different this time. Most of us know the soft cuddly illustrations she made for MITTENS and more recently BARKIS. But evidently she felt that HERBERT THE LION demanded a strong simple line to express his character. And as you can see on this page Herbert looks very pleased with his own portrait.

These simple language stories printed in large type make excellent books for children who are learning to read.

HERBERT THE LION is published by Harper & Brothers, New York and London, and costs $2.00.



By Zhenya Gay and Pachita Crespi

BIRTHDAY parties are always fun probably because it's something that happens to all of us every year. Big and little, everybody has a turn.

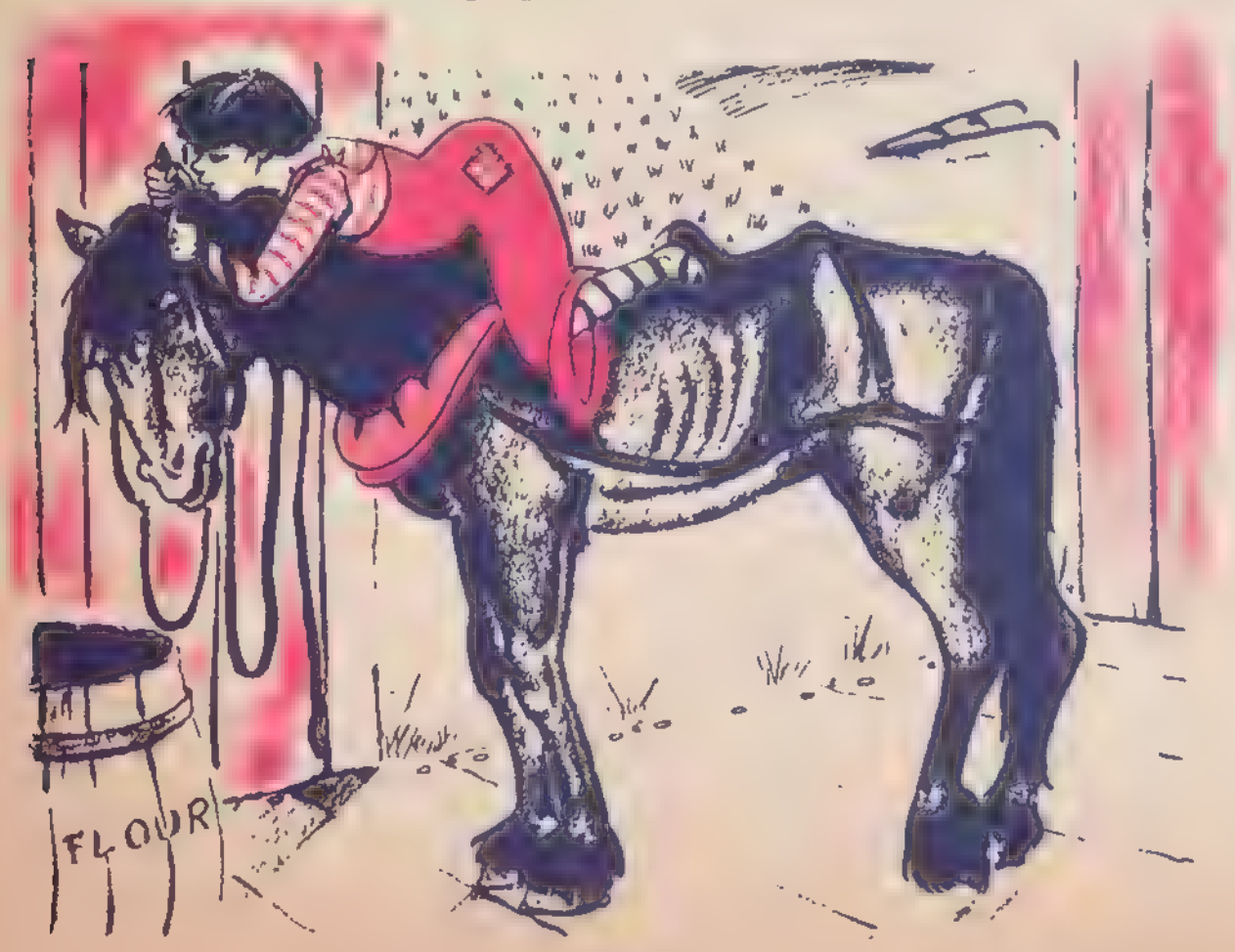
In HAPPY BIRTHDAY it is Miss Annabelle Jennings the teacher's turn. She teaches all the children of the village their ABC's in the little red schoolhouse. When they aren't learning their ABC's the children are busy with their chores. Each one has a pet but they are all useful animals on a farm who have no time to learn useless tricks. So the children could never understand why Miss Annabelle Jennings the teacher would have a French poodle for a pet. He never did anything but sit around and look beautiful. But one day he showed them that he could be quite useful and they all clapped and clapped.

Here was something quite different from anything they had ever seen or heard tell of and they were perfectly delighted. So they all had a good time including Miss Annabelle Jennings the teacher who was very proud of her French poodle.

The large illustrations are amusing and tie in nicely with the text so that young children will have fun reading the story to themselves.

And if you are looking for a gift to take along to the next birthday party you attend we cannot think of anything more appropriate to recommend.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY is publishing by The Viking Press, New York City, and costs $1.00.



PEDRO'S COCONUT SKATES

Story and Pictures by
ESTHER WOOD

PEDRO lived in Manila with his grandmother who was a laundress for the Senor in the big house. Wang Lee, the cook, said that Pedro had "too big curiosity, too little sense" so he was very pleased when Uncle Manuel came in from the country in his cart and took Pedro back home. There were many exciting things to do in the country so Pedro's curiosity was as lively as ever. Otherwise Pedro would never have found the way to make grandmother's dream come true.

Here is a colorful story of life on a faraway tropical island which children all ages will enjoy.

PEDRO'S COCONUT SKATES is published by Longmans, Green and Co., New York and Toronto, and costs $1.50.

THE PLANET EARTH

Continued from page 13

begin to move toward the equator. In September they reach the equator. Up north we call it fall; down south they show more of their lighted face toward us than at other times. They seem to go through phases like the moon. It is really quite thrilling to first see Mercury or Venus through a telescope as a thin crescent or like a quarter moon.

Mercury has no air at all. Venus has such thick air that we cannot see through it. The air of Venus is made of gases that we cannot breathe. So astronomers think that no plants grow and no people live upon these two planets.

EASTER SUNDAY . . . APRIL 9th
PURE FOOD
Easter Egg
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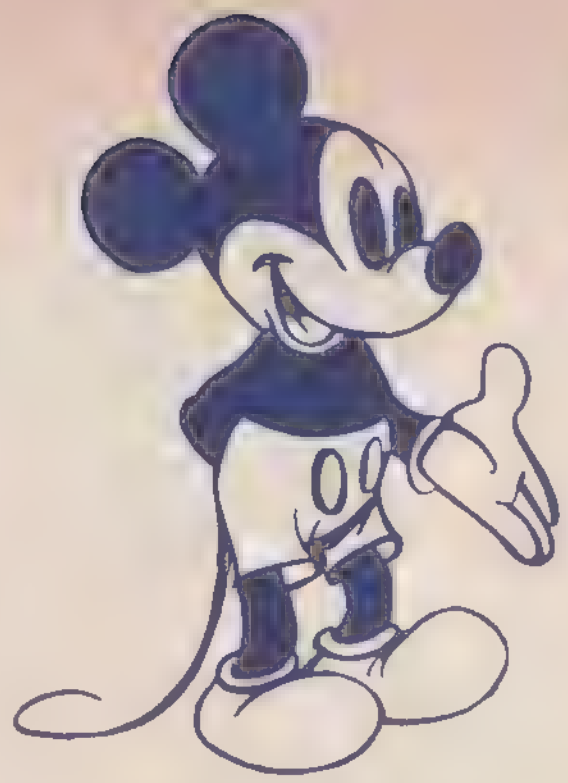

WINNERS
MARIONETTE

FIRST FIVE PRIZES

"Well! Well! the Well."
by Ivor Hugh
Pelham, New York
Age 11

"Donald's Trick"
by Leonilda Altman
New York City, N. Y.
Age 9

"Getting Ready"
by Robert Woolworth
Tarsus, Turkey
Age 8

"Kidnapped in the Night"
by Elton Smith
Racine, Wisconsin
Age 9

"Mickey Proves His Strength"
by Violeta Meldonado
Miraflores, Peru
Age 15

♦♦♦

TEN SECOND PRIZES

"Mickey's Christmas Bet"
by Nelson Garringer
Bluffton, Indiana
Age 10

"The Wonderful Charm"
by Rose Marie Schiller
Washington, D. C.
Age 13

"Shooting the Moon"
by Danny Dahl
Clifton, N. J.
Age 7

"Unexpected Gold"
by Adrian Stubbings
M. M. Dockyard, Bermuda
Age 11

"Donald Duck, Confectioner"
by Caroline Philips
Old Bennington, Vt.
Age 10

"Donald's Gift to Pluto"
by John Graham
Princeton, N. J.
Age 8

"Training"
by Richard Spaniol
Portland, Oregon
Age 11

"Haunted House"
by Kazu Hayase
Los Angeles, Calif.
Age 9

"Mickey's Camera"
by Michael Deskey
New York City, N. Y.
Age 10

"Mickey at the North Pole"
by Bob Meyers
Dayton, Ohio
Age 9

♦♦♦

FIFTEEN THIRD PRIZES

"Amateur Program"
by Roy. Nickerson
Presque Isle, Maine
Age 11

"The Diamond Mystery"
by Anne Rodeck
Boulder, Colorado
Age 11

"The Purloined Dog"
by Mark Schneider
Milwaukee, Wis.
Age 15

"Mickey Goes A-Courting"
by Virginia Graff
Burbank, Calif.
Age 11

"Mickey's Adventures"
by Paxton Dunn
Buenos Aires, Argentina
Age 10

OF THE PLAY CONTEST

"A Trip to the World's Fair"
by Helen Rhinelander
New York City, N. Y.
Age 10

"The Haunted House"
by Charles Welsh
Hampton Institute, Va.
Age 12

"The Monster of Antwerp"
by Eugene O'Keefe
Philadelphia, Pa.
Age 11

"Mickey Mouse in Switzerland"
by Clark Denslow
Hartford, Conn.
Age 9

"Mickey Goes on the Air"
by Patricia Campbell
Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Age 10

"Fleas"
by Billy Morse
Garibaldi, Oregon
Age 9

"Tricks are Costly"
by Joyce Burgoyne
Montpelier, Idaho
Age 9

"Donald Turns Bad Man"
by Peggy Huber
Lake Charles, La.
Age 12

"A-Hunting"
by Joyce Ford
Elmhurst, Ill.
Age 7

"The Picnic"
by Patty Roche
Upper Montclair, N. J.
Age 10

"E" *is for*
Easter fashions and this
Easy way to
Earn money at home

How much more fun shopping for Easter fashions would be if you could wave a magic wand and produce the cash to pay for them. Here is a way that is almost as easy to produce it—and it works like magic too.

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Become a subscription representative for Mickey Mouse Magazine and your spare time can be made to earn cash to pay worrysome bills and to provide all sorts of longed-for extras. Your neighbors and friends you see daily or a few telephone calls will start you in a business of your own that requires no capital. Everyone who loves a child is a good prospect for the magazine that "Makes a Child Happy an Entire Year for $1.00." This coupon will bring you full information—obey that impulse, mail it today.

MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE
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Please send me, without obligation, complete information concerning particulars for earning money at home.

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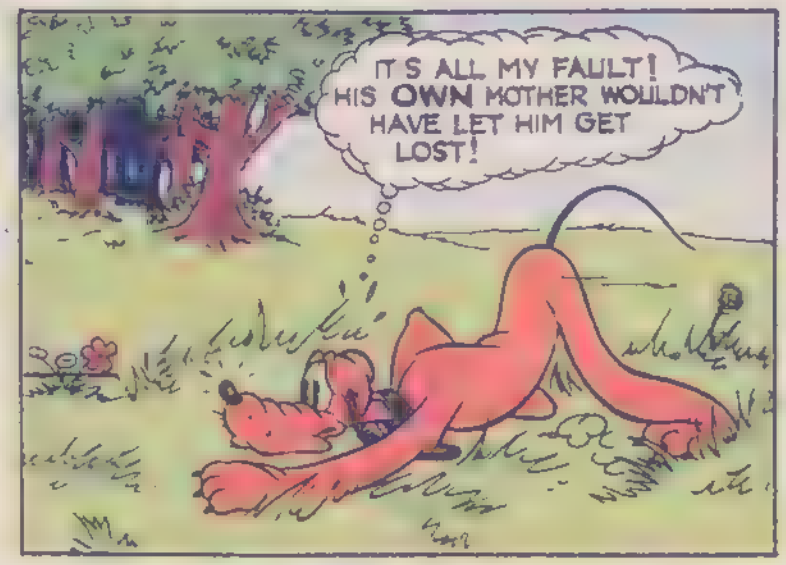
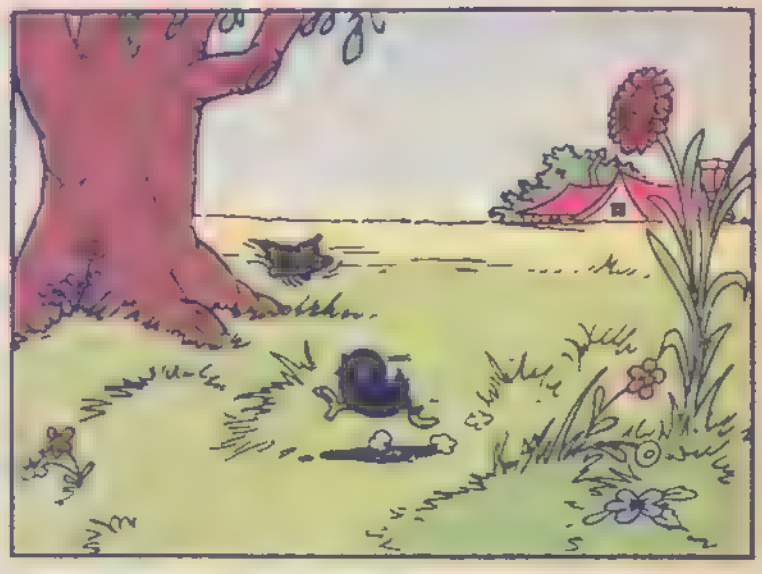
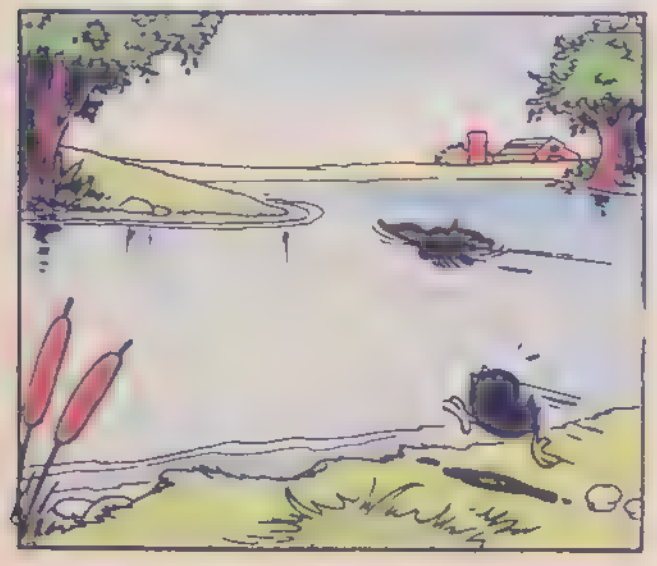
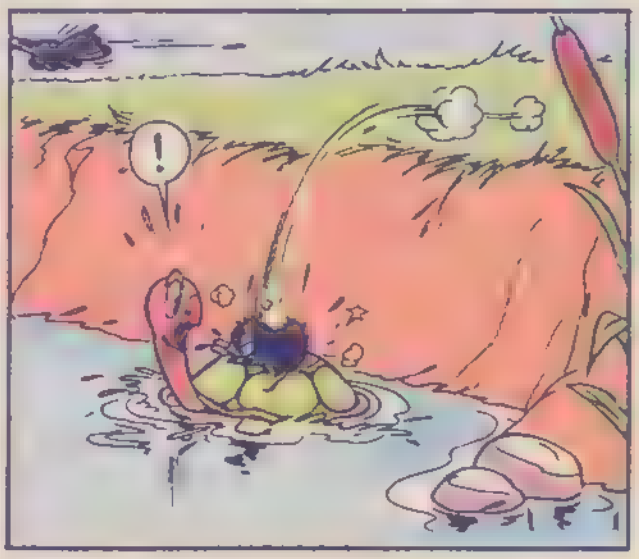
MOTHER PLUTO

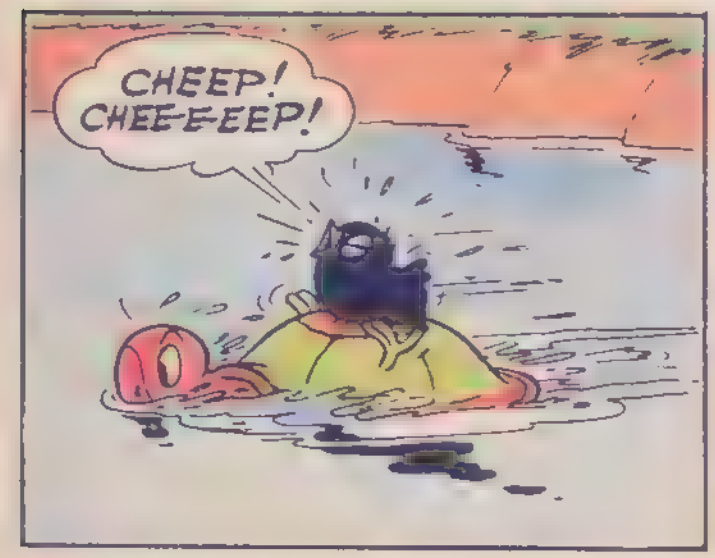
THE LITTLE BLACK CHICK HAS STRAYED AND "MOTHER" PLUTO IS ANXIOUSLY HUNTING "HER" LOST BABY.

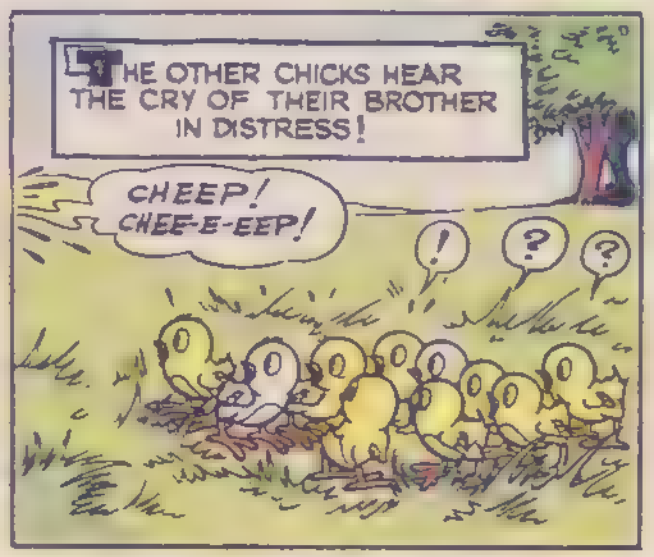


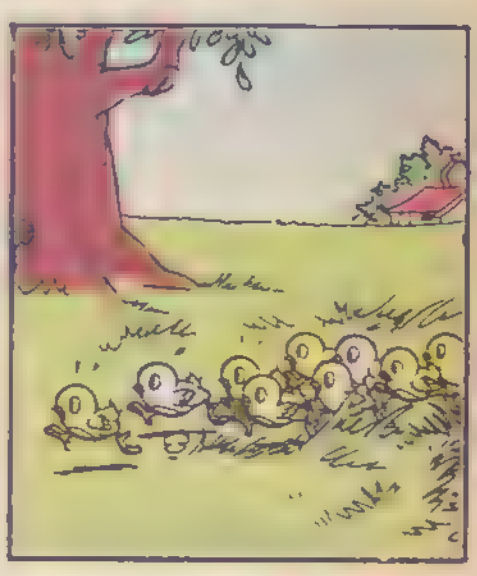


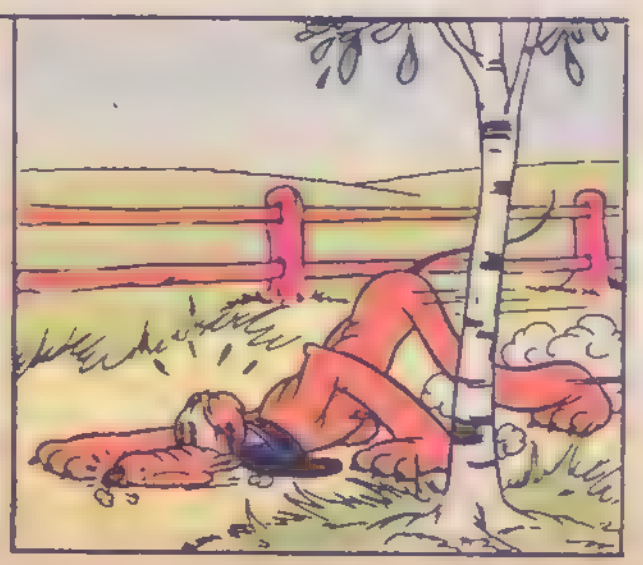


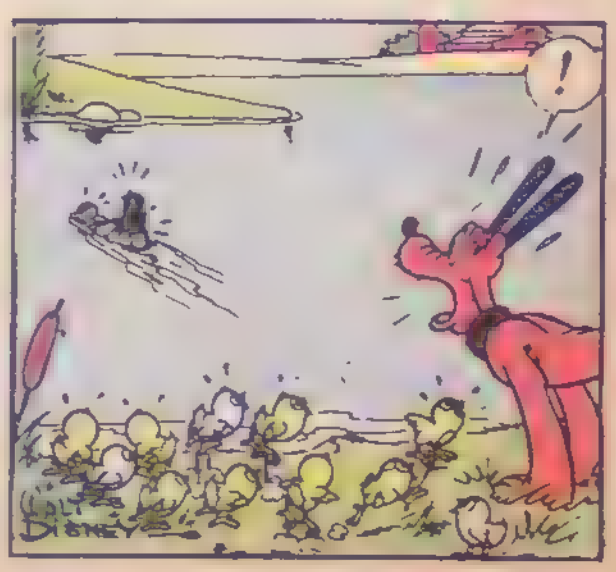












SPOTTY

THE GREEDY LITTLE PIGLET

SPOTTY HAS RUN AWAY FROM HOME AND DISCOVERED A BIG FIELD OF GREEN CORN. FOR HOURS HE HAS GORGED HIMSELF ON HIS FAVORITE FOOD.

BUT, FOR SOME REASON, THE LAST SEVERAL EARS DID NOT TASTE AS GOOD AS THE FIRST ONES!

MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE THE SUN WAS SINKING AND IT WAS GETTING RATHER COLD! PERHAPS CORN NEEDED WARMTH TO BRING OUT THE FLAVOR!

AND, SPEAKING OF WARMTH, WHERE WAS HE GOING TO SLEEP TONIGHT? HE THOUGHT OF THE COZY SHED AT HOME---

---BUT THAT MEANT GIVING UP HIS NEW-FOUND FREEDOM AND ALL THIS LOVELY CORN! NO, SIR!!

BUT IT WAS AWFULLY CHILLY! HIS STOMACH FELT QUEER, TOO, BUT NOT EXACTLY HUNGRY!

IN FACT, JUST THE THOUGHT OF EATING MADE THAT STOMACH FEEL VERY, VERY UNCOMFORTABLE!

WHEN DAYLIGHT FINALLY CAME, A VERY MISERABLE PIGLET STAGGERED TO HIS FEET, FAR DIFFERENT FROM THE SPOTTY WHO ALWAYS BOUNCED UP, SQUEALING FOR BREAKFAST!

HE WOULDN'T ADMIT THAT HE HAD BEEN BETTER OFF AT HOME, AND WENT INTO HIS BREAKFAST WITH PRETENDED ENJOYMENT.

THE CORN, HOWEVER, HAD DEFINITELY LOST ITS ATTRACTION! EVERY BITE HE TOOK SEEMED TO BITE BACK AT HIM WHEN IT GOT INSIDE!

AS THE PAIN GREW WORSE, SPOTTY ROLLED ON THE GROUND AND HOWLED IN AGONY!

SQUEE-E! SQUEE-EENK!

SUDDENLY, SPOTTY'S WOES INCREASED! HIS SQUEALS HAD ATTRACTED THE OWNER OF THE FIELD AND THERE WAS NO TELLING WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN HE SAW THE DAMAGED CORN!

SPOTTY TRIED TO RUN, BUT HE WAS TOO SICK! HE STUMBLED A FEW STEPS, THEN FELL HELPLESSLY TO THE GROUND!

TO BE CONCLUDED.

11 20

WALT DISNEY©

MICKEY MOUSE

by

WALT DISNEY

WOO-O O-OOP!

BOY--LOOK OUT! WHEN HE MAKES THAT FOG-HORN NOISE, HE'S UP TO SOMETHING

GAWRSH! HE'S DIVING!

THAT'S OUR CUE TO SCRAM!

BY GUM, WE'RE SURE STEPPING NOW!

YES BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL PULL IN YOUR OARS!

WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT? WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!

THIS ISN'T BAD AT ALL -- IT'S EASIER THAN ROWING!

YES -- BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?

OOPS! RAINING, BY HECK!

?

AH-H-H'

CLARABELLE WAS RIGHT! SHE TOLD ME I'D NEED AN UMBRELLA ON THIS TRIP!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? HE'S TAKING US TO THE SHIP!

SURE! DARN OBLIGING OF THE CRITTER!

GOOD GRIEF! THE CAPTAIN IS GETTING READY TO SHOOT!

HE DOESN'T EVEN SEE WE ARE HERE! HALP!!

JUST A LITTLE CLOSER AND HE'LL BE A DEAD WHALE!

WHAT'S THAT ON H.S BACK? GODFREY SCISSORS! OF ALL THE DAD-BLASTED LUCK!

OH, BOY! THEY SAW US!

WHEW! WE AREN'T GOING TO BE HARPOONED, AFTER ALL!

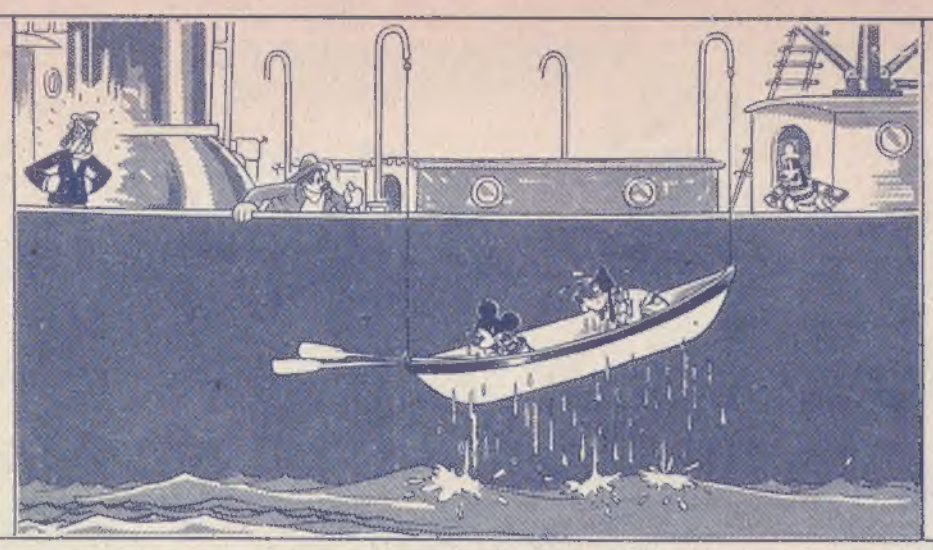
HEY!

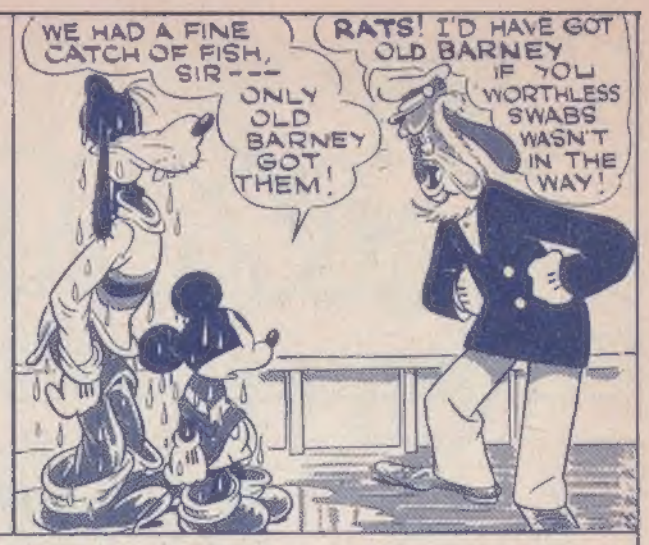
GLUB

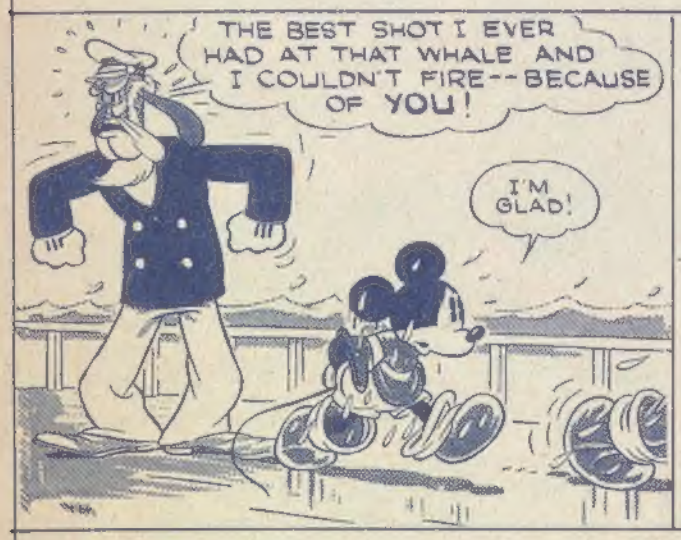
GLUB

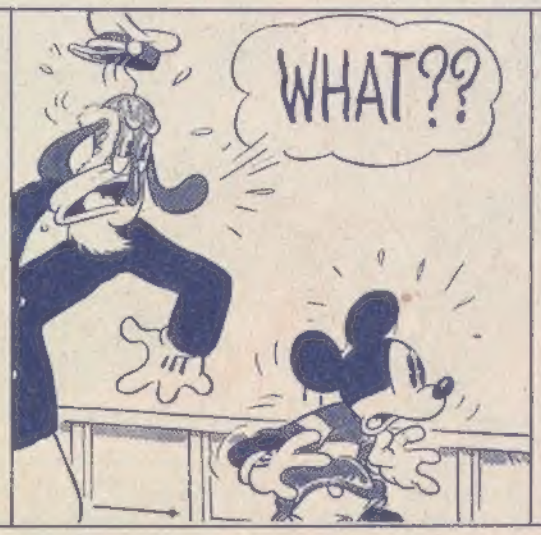
(WALT DISNEY)

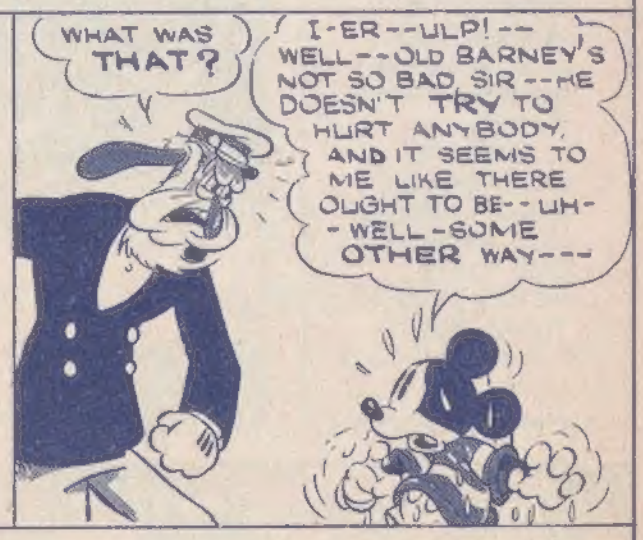
THE WHALE DIVES AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT, LEAVING MICKEY AND GOOFY TO BE PICKED UP BY THEIR SHIPMATES.

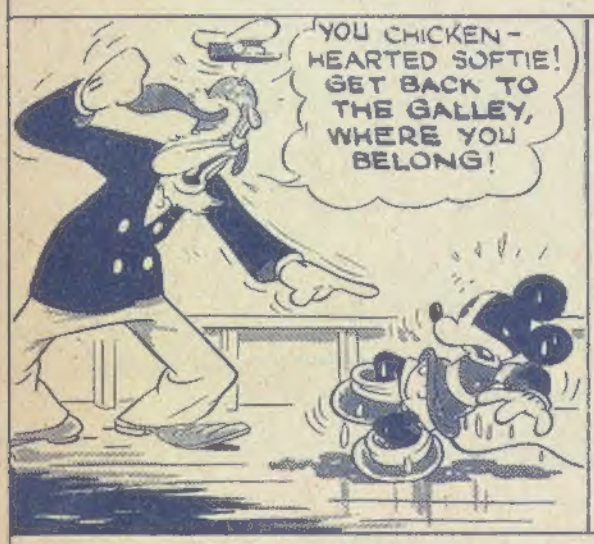


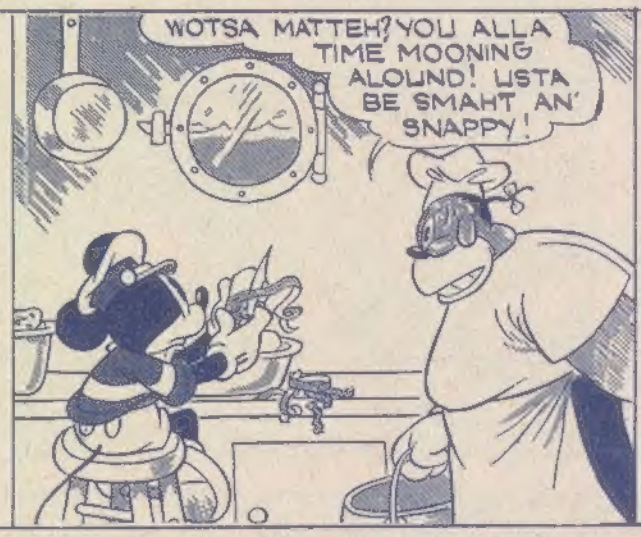


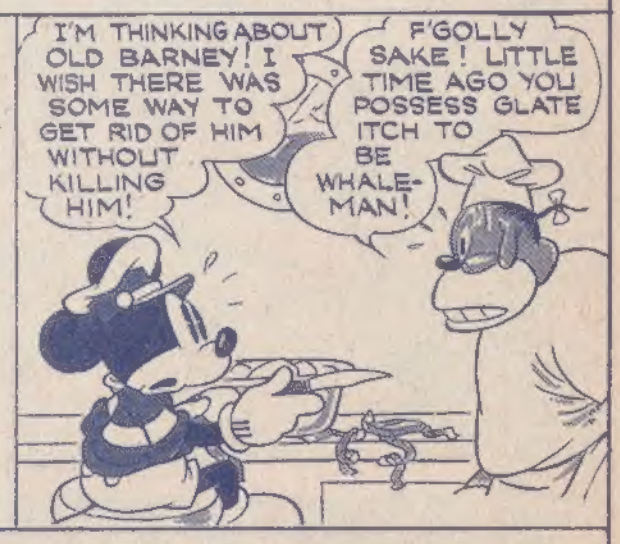


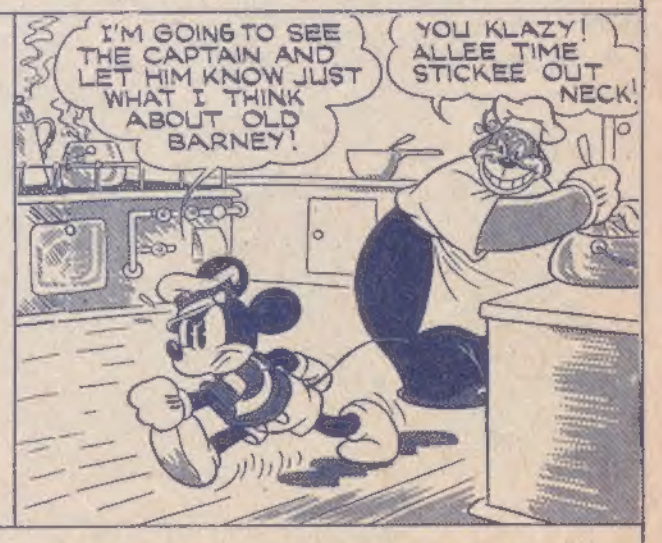


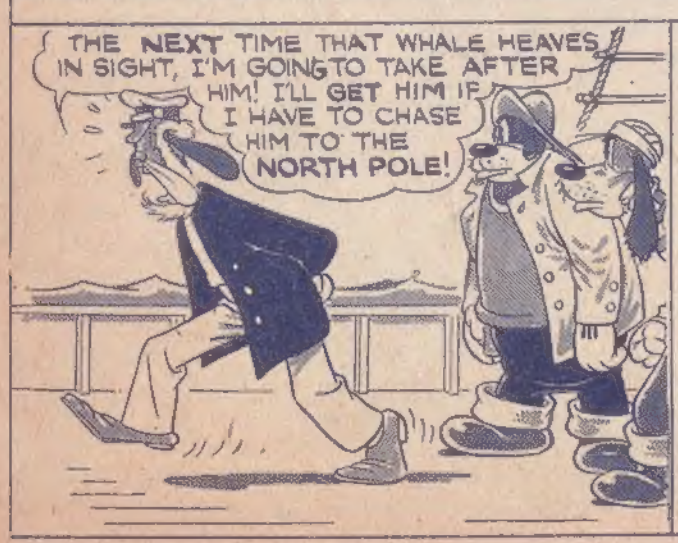

WHAT WAS THAT?
I-ER--ULP!--WELL--OLD BARNEY'S NOT SO BAD, SIR--HE DOESN'T TRY TO HURT ANYBODY, AND IT SEEMS TO ME LIKE THERE OUGHT TO BE--UH--WELL-SOME OTHER WAY---

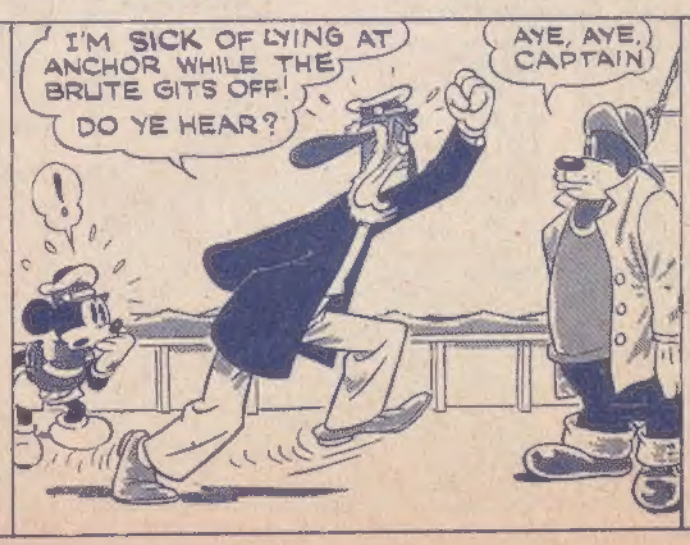


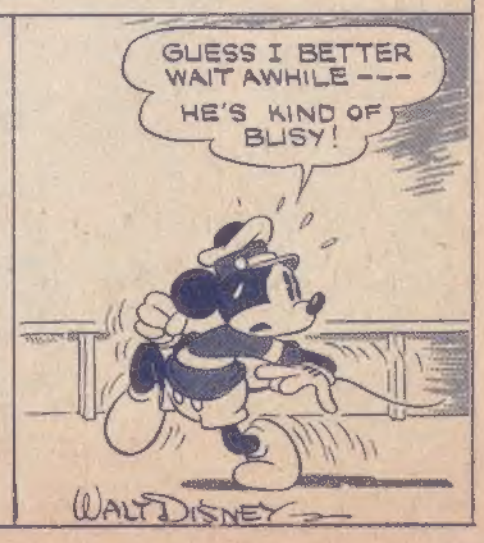



I'M THINKING ABOUT OLD BARNEY! I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY TO GET RID OF HIM WITHOUT KILLING HIM!
F'GOLLY SAKE! LITTLE TIME AGO YOU POSSESS GLATE ITCH TO BE WHALE-MAN!





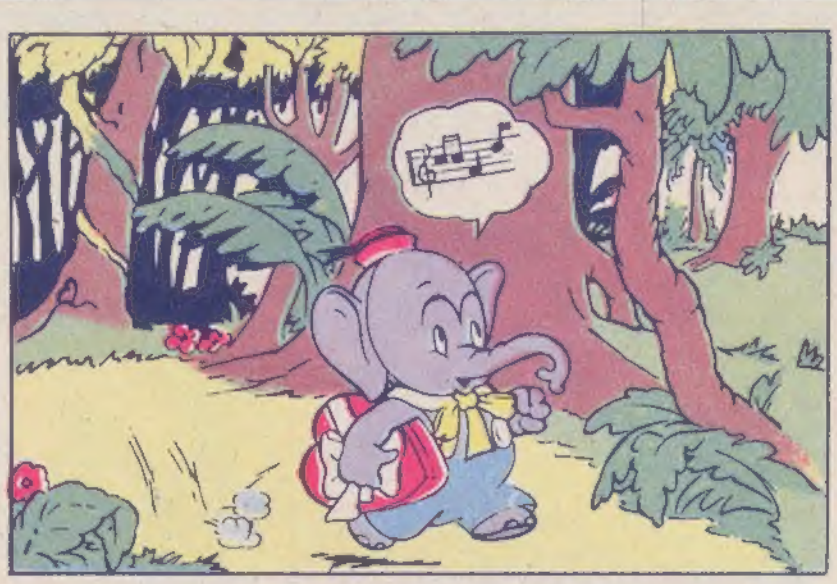


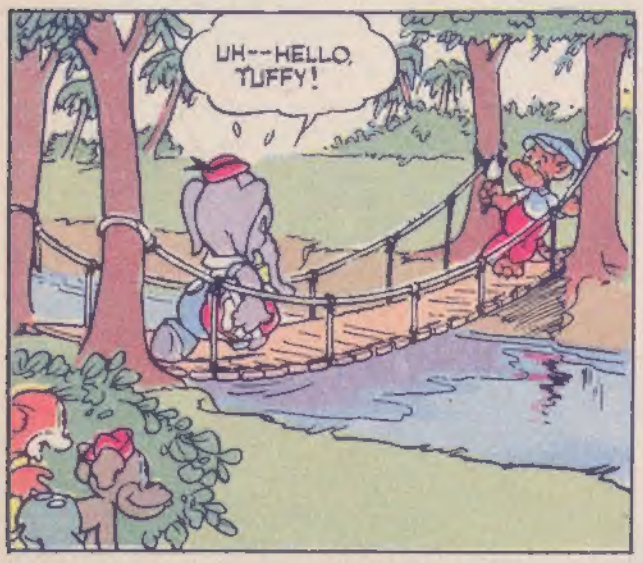


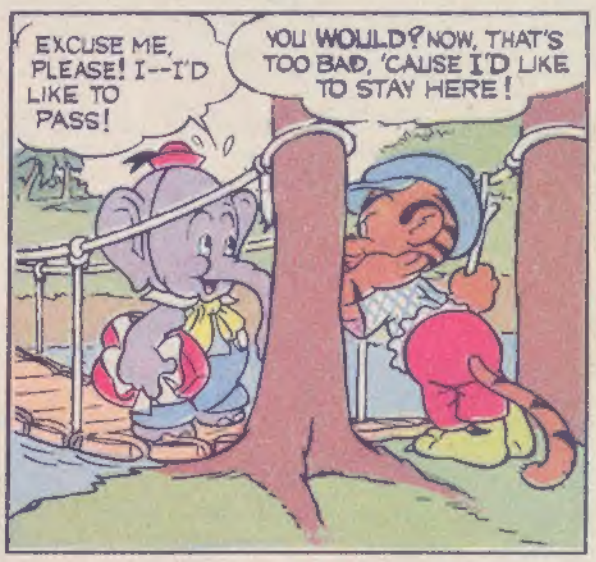
"TIMID ELMER"

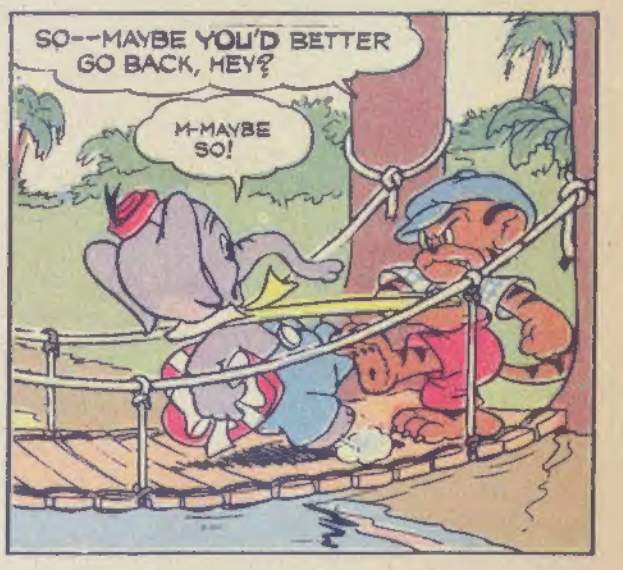
IN A VILLAGE, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, THERE LIVED A LITTLE ELEPHANT NAMED ELMER.

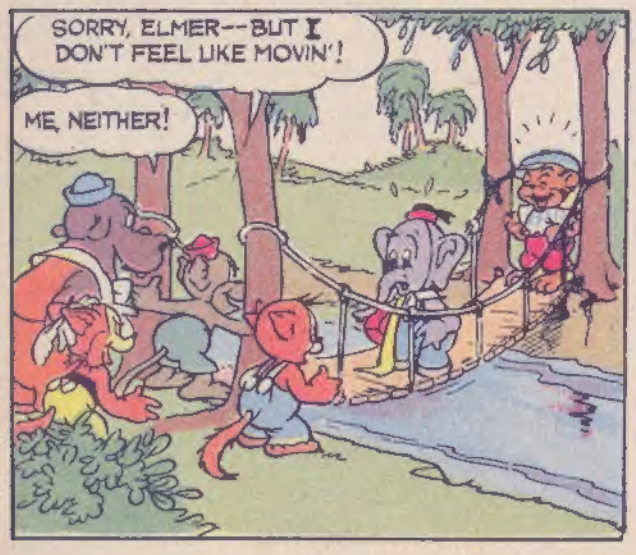
ONE DAY, CARRYING A BIG BOX OF CANDY, HE STARTED OUT TO VISIT HIS GIRL FRIEND TILLIE TIGER.

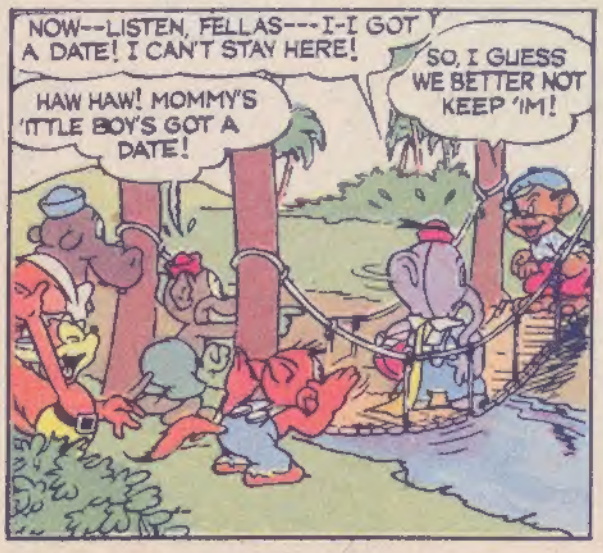


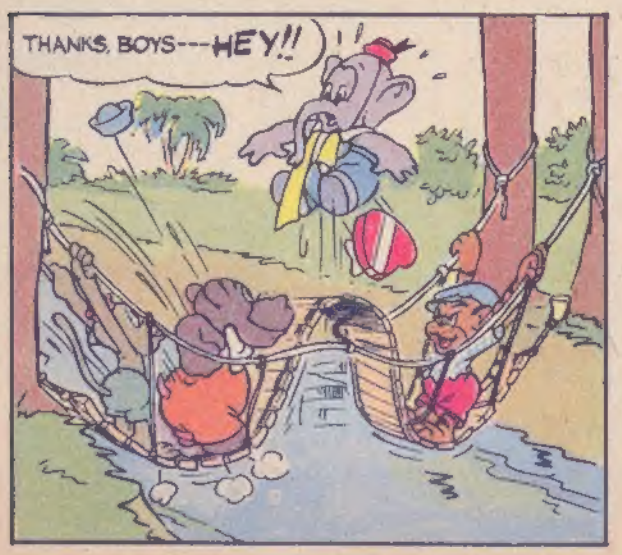


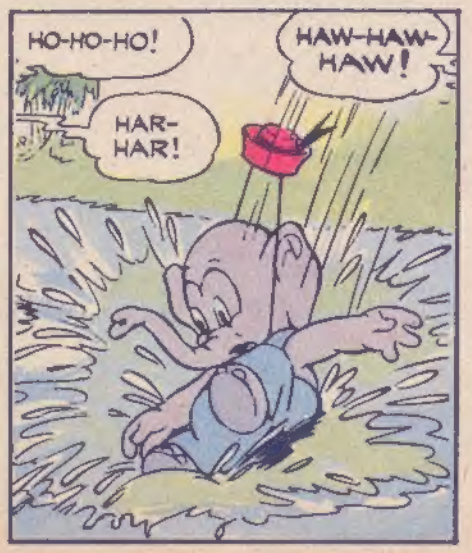


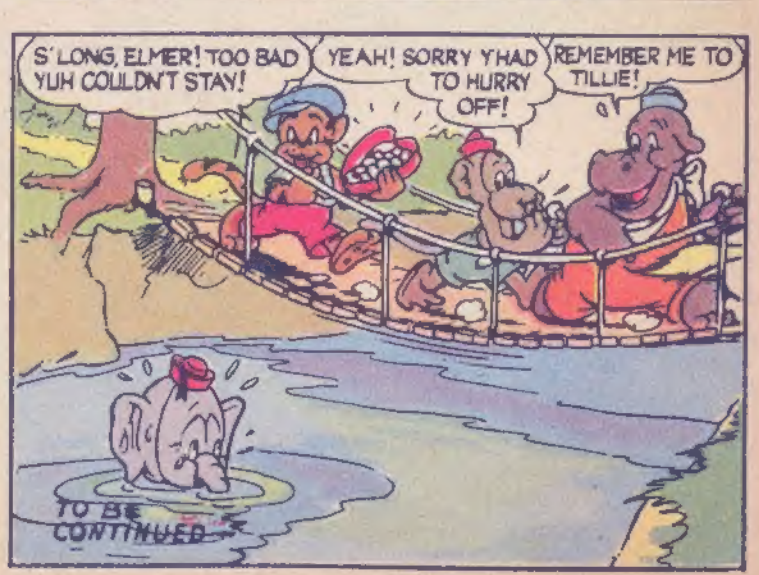












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A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green which will fit into the decorations of any home—trimmed in black and silver—and made of sturdy fibre board—is now available for only one dollar ($1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble—it is so strong that it will hold six hundred (600) pounds. With this combination of desk and Noiseless Portable Typewriter, you will have a miniature office at home. Learn the complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today.

The **COMBINATION**

FOR AS LITTLE AS

10c A DAY

How easy it is to pay for this combination of desk and Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter! Just imagine! Terms are as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Yet this small sum can actually make you immediately the possessor of this amazing office-at-home combination. You assume no obligations by sending the coupon.

MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE
The Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you do not wish to keep the typewriter, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges. You risk nothing in buying a Remington Portable Typewriter on terms as low as 10c a day.
Remington Noiseless Portable
Remington

THESE TWO EXTRA FOR YOU

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get free with this special offer a 19-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a sturdy, beautiful carrying case which rivals in beauty and utility the most attractive luggage you can buy.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key and shift lock; two color ribbon and automatic ribbon reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5″ wide; writes lines 8.2″ wide. There are also extra features like the card writing attachment, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet. These make typing on a Remington Noiseless Portable a distinct pleasure. Thousands of families now using the Remington Noiseless Portable know from experience how wonderful it is!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 302-4
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Instruction Booklet for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

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